Alba Pratalia

A MOST INCONVENIENT GENTLEMAN

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By Alba Pratalia

Prologue

There is a very massive, extremely ugly building on the bank of the River Thames. An insult to the very essence of architecture, an eyesore so uniquely offensive that it transcends mere bad taste and enters the realm of architectural war crimes. And, officially, it is the SIS Building, also called the MI6 Building, at Vauxhall Cross: the headquarters of the Secret Intelligence Service (SIS), also known as Military Intelligence, Section 6 (MI6), the United Kingdom's foreign intelligence agency.

Yes, that MI6. The James Bond stuff.

The building itself is a monument to secrecy wrapped in bureaucratic grandeur, a slab of reinforced concrete and tinted glass designed to be simultaneously noticeable and unknowable. Most Londoners recognize it, nod

at it, maybe even joke about it. But very few think about what actually goes on inside. It's a modern fortress, housing some of the most highly classified operations in the world. Surveillance, espionage, intelligence gathering, counterintelligence, covert operations—the silent machinery that keeps Britain's interests running smoothly.

And yet, at this very moment, a group of poorly informed operatives—or perhaps merely slothful, blessed souls—had somehow convinced themselves that it was a good idea to seize it.

Yes. Seize MI6 headquarters.

Perhaps they watched too many films. Perhaps they thought British intelligence was staffed exclusively by aging bureaucrats and ineffectual desk agents who had never seen a field

operation in their lives. Perhaps they had been fed disinformation about reduced security measures, a weak point in the structure, a vulnerability to exploit.

Whatever their reasoning, they were about to make a very, *very* large mistake.

Because while MI6 was many things—cumbersome, secretive, tangled in endless layers of politics and red tape—it was not *unprepared*.

And somewhere, deep inside the fortress of Vauxhall Cross, quiet alarms were being triggered. Unseen hands were moving pieces into play. And the kind of people who handle situations like this—the kind of people most of the world never even realizes exist—were already making their way into position.

And one of them, in particular, was smiling.

To the untrained eye, these agents looked professional. Smooth, precise, efficient. The kind of operators you'd expect in a high-budget Hollywood thriller. Have you seen *Mission Impossible*? The first one, the CIA break-in? That style. Tactical gear, synchronized movements, suppressed weapons—every detail accounted for, every step executed with near-clinical precision.

They moved through MI6 headquarters like shadows, bypassing layers of security with practiced ease. Guards were neutralized in total silence, their bodies tucked away in blind spots, swiftly replaced by impostors dressed in identical uniforms. No alarms tripped, no sudden disruptions. From the outside, everything seemed business as usual.

The building never stopped working.

Phones rang, analysts poured over intelligence reports, bureaucrats shuffled paperwork, and high-ranking officials made their usual rounds, oblivious to the fact that a hostile force had already infiltrated one of the most secure intelligence facilities on the planet.

On the first floor, where administration and logistics churned at their usual glacial pace, no one noticed a thing. The clerks processing travel requests, the personnel reviewing expense reports, the IT teams ensuring that the vast networks of classified data remained uncompromised—they were all still sipping their tea, still grumbling about email chains and deadlines, still existing in blissful ignorance.

Meanwhile, the intruders moved deeper into the building, their objective clear. The vault.

Somewhere within the heavily secured inner levels of Vauxhall Cross, beyond biometric scanners, encrypted access points, and layers of redundant security, lay the kind of intelligence that could topple governments, ignite wars, or simply make a very particular kind of person *very* rich.

And they were going straight for it.

They thought they had it all planned out. Every detail accounted for. Every obstacle neutralized before it could even become a problem.

What they didn't know—what they *couldn't* know—was that they were walking straight into a catastrophe of their own making.

Because MI6 doesn't just sit around waiting to be robbed. And somewhere, in a dimly lit office or perhaps a quiet, unassuming corner of the

city, a certain retired agent—who never really *retired*—was already getting the call.

And that was going to be *their* problem.

So they went through security gates.

Number 1, where retinal scanners verified the identity of every entrant.
Number 2, where biometric fingerprints were matched against a database so classified it barely existed.
Number 3, where armed guards scrutinized every movement, every gesture, for the faintest hint of something off.

And so on.

Gate after gate, they moved with precision. By the time they passed gate number 37, even the air felt heavier, weighed down by the hum of reinforced security measures. By gate 59, the

corridors had turned clinical, lifeless, painted in the kind of neutral tones designed to crush any semblance of humanity.

By the time they passed gate 81, the silence wasn't just eerie—it was oppressive.

And then they saw it.

A door.

Not a steel-reinforced blast door. Not an armored barrier with complex locking mechanisms and biometric scanners. No, this was a *wooden* door.

A creaky one. A crooked one.

It looked like it had been salvaged from the ruins of a condemned shed. Planks of wood were haphazardly nailed together, with gaps so wide you could almost see through them. The nails were rusted, and the entire frame leaned

slightly to one side, as if it couldn't quite be bothered to stand up straight.

Hanging from the door, swaying gently in the stale, recycled air, was a plastic sign.

"DO NOT OPEN."

The lettering was uneven, scrawled in what looked like permanent marker, and the sign itself was cheap—the sort of thing you might find in the clearance bin of a discount stationery store.

The lead operative hesitated, his gloved hand hovering near the door handle. He exchanged a glance with one of his team members, who shrugged. The building had been a fortress of cutting-edge technology and military-grade security up to this point. This… *thing* didn't make sense.

“Some kind of decoy?” one of them whispered, their voice barely audible.

The lead operative shook his head. “We’re past decoys. The vault’s behind this door. Has to be.”

Another glance at the sign. “Do not open.”

A warning? A joke? A trap?

He reached for the handle.

And somewhere, far away, a quiet laugh echoed. A laugh that wasn’t funny. A laugh that promised nothing good.

Behind the door, they found an empty corridor.

Not the sleek, high-tech passage they were expecting. No reinforced walls, no surveillance cameras, no laser grids. Just a plain, dimly lit hallway. The paint on the walls was peeling, revealing layers of forgotten beige beneath the

more recent whitewash. The faint smell of mildew hung in the air.

At the far end of the corridor stood another door.

This one was also wooden, but in a completely different style. It seemed older, as though it had been dragged here from some ancient, forgotten cellar. The wood was darker, splintered in places, and looked suspiciously damp. It leaned even more dramatically to one side, barely hanging on to its rusted hinges.

Another sign hung from it, this one written in what appeared to be thick black paint, the letters uneven and smudged:

“POSITIVELY DO STOP.”

The lead operative squinted at the sign, then back at the rest of his team. He was sure now.

This wasn't just unprofessional—it was *mocking* them.

"Is this a joke?" one of them muttered, stepping closer to examine the second door.

The leader didn't answer. He was too focused on the oddity of it all. Two doors, both so out of place they felt deliberate. Every instinct told him this wasn't right.

But they were committed now. There was no turning back.

He signaled to his team. They approached the second door cautiously, their weapons raised, eyes scanning every inch of the corridor for anything that might be out of place.

The operative closest to the door reached for the handle. It was old and wooden, too, cracked

like the rest of the frame. As his gloved fingers touched it, he hesitated.

From somewhere, faintly, they thought they heard a creaking sound. Not from the door—no, it was deeper, distant, almost imperceptible. Like the sound of something massive shifting in its slumber.

The team froze.

“Just open it,” the leader whispered.

The operative turned the handle. The door creaked open slowly, revealing…

A broom closet.

A cramped, unimpressive space filled with cleaning supplies. Mops, buckets, bottles of industrial-strength disinfectant, and a roll of paper towels that had seen better days. The smell of bleach was overpowering.

And there, hanging from the handle of a crooked broom, was yet another cardboard sign.

“We told you.”

The team stared at it in silence. For a brief moment, the absurdity of the situation overrode every ounce of their training. This wasn’t just a prank. This was calculated mockery, designed to rattle them, to make them feel like fools. And it was *working*.

“What the hell is this?” one of them muttered, stepping into the tiny room to inspect it more closely.

The answer came not from the closet, but from the darkness around them.

The lights in the corridor flickered and went out, plunging everything into shadow.

And then, like a ghost, a voice whispered in their earpieces—or maybe it wasn't in their earpieces at all. Maybe it was closer. Much closer.

"Bravo Six, going dark."

It was the last thing they heard before chaos erupted.

The silence shattered as the muffled cough of suppressed gunfire echoed through the corridor. A sharp, clinical sound, punctuated by the dull thuds of bodies hitting the ground. Shadows moved faster than they could react.

"Contact!" one of them hissed, but it was too late. They were already being taken apart, one by one. Their training kicked in, but it didn't matter. Every move they made was anticipated, countered with brutal efficiency.

They fired blindly, hoping to hit something—anything—but there was nothing to see. Just darkness, punctuated by flashes of suppressed muzzle fire. The team fell into disarray, their once-flawless coordination crumbling under the weight of an unseen force.

And then, just as suddenly as it started, it was over.

The corridor fell silent once more, save for the faint sound of someone groaning in pain.

To their surprise, they were alive. Bruised, battered, disarmed, and thoroughly humiliated—but alive.

The broom closet door creaked shut, as if on its own, and the faint smell of bleach was the only thing left lingering in the air.

From somewhere in the darkness, a voice—calm, amused, and unmistakably British—spoke.

"Next time, gentlemen, read the signs."

Bandaged up like B-movie mummies, wrapped in layers of gauze, bruised, humiliated, and in varying states of unconsciousness, they were airlifted out. Not to a hospital, not to some safehouse where their organization could debrief them and prepare for another mission. No, their destination was far more… *final*.

The helicopter cut through the night, silent as a whisper, gliding toward a facility that officially didn't exist. No records, no coordinates on any map. A place where the world's most unfortunate operatives—those who had made *the* mistake, the kind that

couldn't be forgiven—were sent to be forgotten.

By the time the rotors slowed and the doors opened, they knew. Wherever they were, they would never be leaving.

They were herded out, limping, groaning, still too stunned to resist. As they walked through the reinforced doors, past security measures that made Vauxhall Cross look like a public library, a sign loomed overhead.

"THE REAL MI6, YOU BUFFOONS."

The insult wasn't just unnecessary—it was *personal*.

Somewhere deep in their fractured minds, the realization began to sink in. They hadn't even *touched* the real MI6. That gaudy, blocky monstrosity on the Thames? That was a *decoy*.

A front. A bureaucratic labyrinth filled with analysts, paperwork, and just enough genuine intelligence work to make it believable.

The *real* MI6 was here.

And they had broken into a *fake* headquarters, only to get themselves utterly *obliterated* by whatever nightmare lived within the true one.

One of them—perhaps the leader, perhaps just the least concussed—turned his head slightly, his swollen, half-shut eyes scanning the vast facility as they were marched deeper inside.

And in the distance, just for a moment, he swore he saw something.

A man.

An older gentleman, seated in an exquisitely upholstered armchair, dressed in an *impeccably* tailored suit. A suit so flawless it was almost a

weapon in itself. In one hand, he held a martini glass, and even from this distance, even through the haze of his barely functioning consciousness, he could tell.

It was shaken. Not stirred.

Then the guards pushed them forward, and the vision disappeared into the depths of the facility.

For the rest of their lives—however long that would be—they would swear that, for one fleeting second, they had seen him. *The* man. The myth. The legend.

And that was the last time they ever spoke of it.

[INT. UNDISCLOSED MI6 FACILITY – NIGHT]

The hallway was clinical, cold, and faintly buzzing with the hum of unseen machinery.

The battered, bandaged intruders shuffled forward under heavy guard, their heads low, their dignity left somewhere between Gate 81 and the broom closet.

Ahead, a massive steel door loomed, the kind of door that didn't open easily—and once closed, wouldn't open at all. A pair of MI6 employees stood by it, their tailored uniforms immaculate, their expressions unreadable.

One of the battered intruders, despite his injuries and the weight of his humiliation, found enough energy to mutter something as they reached the door.

INTRUDER

"I thought the British Empire was no more."

The lead MI6 employee, a sharp-looking man with a crisp, regulation haircut and an almost robotic efficiency, paused. For a moment, he

looked at the intruder, his expression a perfect balance of professionalism and condescension.

He placed one gloved hand on the door handle, preparing to seal it shut. Then, with the kind of stiff-upper-lip calm that only the British could manage, he replied.

MI6 EMPLOYEE

“Yes, sir. The Empire is, sir.”

A faint, almost theatrical squeal of the hinges as the door began to close.

MI6 EMPLOYEE *(continuing)*

“But Britain, well… she is very much still here, sir.”

The door clanged shut with a finality that echoed through the corridor, locking the intruders inside the heart of a facility they would never escape.

Somewhere in the distance, faintly audible through layers of reinforced steel and concrete, came the soft clink of a martini glass being set down.

A GENTLEMAN IN TWEED

[EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE – DAY]

The gates of Buckingham Palace stood tall, formidable as ever, but to the man approaching them, they might as well have been a garden fence.

Mr. Fitzgibbons—*Fitz* to those who knew him intimately, *Sir* to those who knew better—walked with a casual, unhurried gait. His tweed suit was unassuming, slightly rumpled, as if he had been plucked straight from his garden without warning. A well-worn flat cap perched atop his head, the fabric showing the faintest traces of soil, as if he had only just set down his trowel.

But it was not his attire that stood out. It was the *rose*.

A single rose, streaked with hues of scarlet and indigo, sitting proudly in a delicate glass vase that he carried with both hands—as though it were the most precious thing in the world.

As he approached the palace entrance, a guard in full ceremonial uniform stepped forward, a hand raised.

PALACE GUARD

"Sir, you can't just—"

Before he could finish, another guard, standing just behind him, leaned in and whispered something. The first guard froze. His entire posture shifted. He stood straighter.

Then, without another word, he snapped to attention.

With practiced precision, he presented arms, his rifle raised in a formal gesture of respect.

The doors to the palace swung open.

Fitz, as if nothing had happened, gave a small, approving nod and stepped inside.

[INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE – THE QUEEN'S TEA ROOM]

The room was bathed in soft afternoon light, the fine china arranged meticulously, the air filled with the gentle scent of Earl Grey. And at the center of it all sat *her*.

The Queen.

Despite her age, her eyes still held their unmistakable sharpness, their clarity undiminished by time or history. She saw Fitz the moment he entered, and a rare, genuine warmth lit up her face.

THE QUEEN *(delighted)*

"Oh, Fitz, you did it."

Fitz offered a slight, respectful bow.

THE QUEEN *(softly, almost in awe)*

"The scarlet and the indigo. You crossed them."

Another bow, just as slight, just as precise. Then, gently, he stepped forward and presented the vase.

FITZ

"A homage, if I may, Ma'am."

The Queen took the vase with careful hands, examining the rose as though it were the lost treasure of an empire. A pause, a moment of deep appreciation. Then, she looked back up at him with a knowing smile.

THE QUEEN

“Now don’t get all formal with me, Fitz. Do have some tea. Shall I be mother?”

Fitz allowed himself the faintest of smiles, settling into the chair across from her.

FITZ

“No sugar, please.”

The tea was poured. And for a moment—just a moment—the world outside could wait.

[INT. THE REAL MI6 – BRIEFING ROOM]

The room was stark, utilitarian. No grandeur, no theatrics—just function. A long table, walls lined with screens displaying intelligence briefings, satellite images, and a grainy overhead shot of the sorry group of intruders who had tried, and failed, to breach the *wrong* MI6.

The meeting was already tense.

High-ranking officials sat stiffly, their crisp suits uncreased, their expressions severe. Younger operatives, barely out of their thirties, glanced at the reports with the uncomfortable realization that something had shifted—something they had never been trained for.

The attempted break-in had been laughable. A farce, really. A team of well-funded amateurs

with misplaced confidence and a fundamental misunderstanding of what MI6 *was*.

And yet.

It meant one thing: **Britain still had enemies.**

For most of the agents in this room, "enemies" were a nebulous concept, something discussed in cyberwarfare briefings or on diplomatic cables. They had spent their careers dismantling terror cells before they could act, stopping digital incursions, playing intelligence chess in the shadows.

But *real* enemies? The kind that moved armies? That planned operations not with a keyboard but with blood and steel? That was a different era.

The Falklands? Half the room hadn't been born yet.

The Soviets? Just stories in intelligence archives.

The Gulf War? A distant memory, an old man's war.

Most of these operatives had never known a time when Britain truly *stood* alone.

But **Fitz had been there**.

And on his watch, Britain had stood.

And the Kingdom—whatever history had to say about it—had endured.

A chair scraped as someone stood at the far end of the table. The Director, a man whose voice alone carried the weight of authority, cleared his throat.

DIRECTOR

"Mr. Fitzgibbons."

Fitz, still in his tweed suit, still looking as though he had been plucked from a quiet afternoon pruning roses, glanced up with mild interest.

DIRECTOR *(leaning forward, measured, serious)*
"You've seen this before."

Fitz took a moment before answering. Not because he was unsure, but because he was remembering.

The patterns. The signs. The way threats to Britain always started small—laughable, even—before they became something *else*.

Finally, he exhaled through his nose, leaned back slightly, and gave a slow, almost imperceptible nod.

FITZ *(calm, but final)*
"Once or twice."

Silence. Heavy, expectant.

The younger operatives shifted in their seats. The older ones, the ones who knew, remained still.

Fitz had been here before. And that meant Britain was *about* to be here again.

Fitz turned his head slightly, his gaze settling on the man in the crisp navy uniform seated to his right. A young *rear-admiral*, full of self-importance, the kind of officer who had climbed the ranks through bureaucratic efficiency rather than salt and battle.

FITZ *(calm, deliberate)*
"Lad…"

A sharp intake of breath.

The rear-admiral straightened, his face tightening in indignation.

REAR-ADMIRAL

"*Lad?* You don't *Lad* me, sir. I am a rear-adm—"

The veterans in the room tensed.

Every single one of them.

Silent warnings passed across the table like Morse code—heads shaking, hands subtly raised in caution, lips mouthing *no*.

Someone muttered a barely audible *tzk-tzk*, the universal sound of a doomed man walking into a minefield.

Fitz, utterly unfazed, didn't even blink.

FITZ *(calm, almost bored)*

"Lad."

A pause. A thin, charged silence.

FITZ *(continuing, measured as a clockwork mechanism)*
"I'll need a very dry martini. Gin, not vodka. And by what's sacred, make it stirred, never shaken. I have *tastes*."

The room held its breath.

Then, with the quiet dignity of a man who understood the order of things, the First Sea Lord—a grizzled officer whose presence carried the weight of history—stood up. Without a word, he placed a hand on the rear-admiral's shoulder, pressed him down into his chair, and gestured toward the liquor cabinet.

FIRST SEA LORD *(firm, nodding toward the bottles)*
"You heard the man."

The young rear-admiral hesitated. Then, defeated by forces he could not understand, he stood and walked to the cabinet.

Fitz simply leaned back, unbothered, as the sound of glass clinking against glass filled the heavy silence of the room.

Only then did the veterans exhale.

The martini was placed before him.

Fitz took a measured sip, exhaling slightly as the executives launched into the debriefing.

It was long. *Looooong.*

Figures were presented, intelligence assessments debated, analysts droned on about geopolitical shifts and emerging threats. Words like *"cyber warfare," "asymmetrical conflict,"* and *"non-state actors"* were tossed around like appetizers at a dull diplomatic function.

Fitz waved at a fly.

The fly *disappeared.*

No one commented. The veterans pretended not to notice. The younger ones looked around, confused. The rear-admiral frowned but said nothing, choosing instead to stew in silent resentment.

The debriefing dragged on.

At last, it concluded.

A final set of nods was exchanged. First Fitz. Then the **First Sea Lord**. Then the **Chief of the General Staff of the Army**. Then the **Chief of the Air Staff of the RAF**.

A silent understanding passed through the room.

Without a word, a switch was flipped. The doors *shut.* The walls *sealed.* The air inside the

room was *sucked out*, replaced with freshly introduced oxygen. A sterilization measure. And for the first time in hours, people *breathed.*

Fitz reached into his pocket.

And produced *the fly.*

Only it wasn't a fly.

With an almost casual motion, he placed it on the table in front of the rear-admiral. Then, without ceremony, he pressed a single finger down on it.

A *mechanical crunch.*

Gears snapped, a faint spark flickered, and the tiny, impossibly advanced listening device was nothing more than dust and shattered circuits.

Fitz dusted his fingers off and finally looked up, his gaze locking onto the young rear-admiral.

FITZ *(calm, precise)*
"And *this* is why we hold farce briefings."

He gestured vaguely at the room, at the lingering echoes of bureaucratic nonsense.

FITZ *(continuing, almost amused)*
"Why I order martinis. Why we keep up the James Bond nonsense. Why we let them *think* we're idiots, playing out some tired espionage fantasy."

He flicked a shard of broken circuitry off his sleeve.

FITZ *(leaning in slightly, voice lower)*
"To keep them *well-fed.* To let them *think* they're hearing us."

Silence.

The rear-admiral swallowed.

Fitz took another sip of his martini, savoring it, letting the weight of his words settle into the room.

Then, setting the glass down with a quiet *clink,* he finally said it.

FITZ *(smiling faintly)*
"Now… *now* we have the real meeting."

Half the people in the room began shedding their disguises.

Wigs came off. Fake mustaches were peeled away. Uniforms were shrugged off like cheap costumes.

What had seemed like a room filled with top-level military brass and government officials now looked more like the backroom of a West End theatre after a matinée performance. The men leaving moved with the casual

nonchalance of office workers clocking out at 5 p.m., nodding to each other, stretching, rolling their shoulders as if they'd just wrapped up another dull day of make-believe.

As the last one exited, a man stepped in.

He walked with quiet confidence, no rush in his movements, no need for theatrics. He simply took the seat that had *just* belonged to what had appeared to be the Defense Secretary, as if the previous occupant had never truly existed.

Q *(calmly, as if greeting an old acquaintance)*
"Thank you, gentlemen."

He straightened his tie and looked at Fitz with a knowing glance.

Q *(smirking slightly)*
"My name is Q. You already know that. We

don't change that in the *James Bond* films—it keeps things simple."

There was a pause as he leaned back, clasping his hands together.

Q *(lowering his voice slightly, amused)*
"But the *license to kill*? That doesn't exist. That was for the movies."

A collective exhale passed through the room. The tension had shifted—less performative now, more real.

Fitz adjusted the cuff of his shirt, his expression unreadable. He spoke lightly, but the weight in his words was unmistakable.

FITZ *(with practiced, casual precision)*
"Never, sir. Never killed anyone under your command. Not once. No-no. Unheard of."

The temperature in the room dropped several degrees.

No one moved.

The older ones knew better than to speak. The younger ones, however, were still learning the rules.

The young rear-admiral, still slightly rattled, cleared his throat. Then, as if grasping for a lifeline, he asked the one question that felt safest.

REAR-ADMIRAL *(tentative, careful)*
"Any particular brand of gin, sir?"

Fitz turned his gaze toward him, eyes sharp yet amused. Then, slowly, a smile formed.

FITZ *(smooth, deliberate)*
"Tanqueray will do, lad. *For now.*"

The rear-admiral nodded quickly, taking the response for what it was—an answer, and a warning.

[INT. THE REAL MI6 – SEALED BRIEFING ROOM]

Q leaned forward slightly, steepling his fingers, eyes locked onto Fitz.

Q *(straight to business)*
"Fitz, what do you need?"

Fitz leaned back in his chair, adjusting the cuff of his tweed jacket with the casual air of a man ordering breakfast rather than preparing for a potential international crisis.

FITZ *(nonchalant)*
"Tech update. Last tech reports I read are pre-COVID."

Q exhaled through his nose, tilting his head slightly.

Q *(curious)*
"About that—did you get COVID?"

Fitz shrugged.

FITZ *(casually, as if discussing the weather)*
"Don't think so. You?"

Q shook his head.

Q *(dry, matter-of-fact)*
"No, but my mother-in-law did. Died of it."

Fitz nodded, as if receiving an update on a mutual acquaintance's gardening habits.

FITZ *(genuinely pleased)*
"Oh, glad to hear it."

Q *(nodding, with equal sincerity)*
"Thanks."

A shudder rippled through the younger officers in the room. A few averted their eyes, unsure if they had just witnessed an inside joke or a glimpse into a level of emotional cold-bloodedness they were simply not built for.

Fitz ignored them, rolling up his sleeve slightly as he continued.

FITZ *(businesslike)*
"Fact-checking session. Ukraine. Middle East. Venezuela. I've been only reading the *news* since at least Biden took office."

Q nodded in understanding.

Q *(acknowledging)*
"We'll get you up to speed."

A beat. Then Q smirked slightly.

Q *(teasing, but with a hint of expectation)*
"Weapons debrief?"

Fitz took another sip of his martini, savoring it, then exhaled.

FITZ *(flat, unimpressed)*
"You handling *Star Trek's* phasers now?"

Q *(grinning, shaking his head)*
"Not yet."

FITZ *(shrugging)*
"Then I think I'm good."

A brief silence. Then Fitz raised a finger.

FITZ *(as if remembering something small but important)*
"Oh, one thing."

Q arched an eyebrow.

Q
"Say."

Fitz casually pointed across the table at the young rear-admiral, who visibly stiffened under his gaze.

FITZ *(deadpan)*
"I want this one."

The room went still.

The rear-admiral blinked.

FITZ *(continuing, as if making a simple personnel request)*
"He makes a decent martini. And I think I can make him grow a pair."

Q didn't hesitate.

Q *(immediately, without question)*
"Sold."

He turned to the rear-admiral.

Q *(final, absolute)*

"Admiral: you're his."

The young rear-admiral, still processing this, coughed slightly.

REAR-ADMIRAL *(blinking rapidly)*

"I'm *what,* now?"

[EXT. MONTE CARLO – MORNING]

The sun hung lazily in the sky, casting a golden glow over the Riviera. Monte Carlo was already awake—yachts bobbed gently in the marina, espresso cups clinked in the hands of vacationing billionaires, and the faint hum of expensive engines filled the air.

Amidst the wealth and leisure, **Fitz** looked every bit the perfect British tourist.

A light sweater draped over his shoulders in that effortless way only the truly unconcerned could manage. A **navy T-shirt**, **khaki trousers**, and **loafers** completed the look. A **pipe** hung from the corner of his mouth—not lit, but present, a quiet statement of ownership over any space he occupied.

Beside him, the **rear-admiral** stood like a mannequin in a shop window. A **double-**

breasted suit, perfectly fitted, the **striped shirt** crisp and rigid. A man who had dressed for *an occasion* rather than *a job*.

Fitz barely glanced at him before exhaling sharply through his nose.

FITZ *(flat, unimpressed)*
"Lad, you look like a giant poster of *Posing To Be A Gentleman But No Money*."

The rear-admiral straightened.

REAR-ADMIRAL *(defensive)*
"Sir, my family comes from a working—"

FITZ *(cutting him off, deadpan)*
"No one gives a *fat fuck*, kid."

The rear-admiral tensed.

FITZ *(gesturing at his suit, annoyed)*
"This is *work.* Loose it. Or I'll *make* you."

There was a pause. The rear-admiral hesitated—then, stiffly, he shrugged off his jacket, slung it over his shoulder in what he *thought* was a casual way.

REAR-ADMIRAL *(uncertain)*
"Better?"

Fitz finally turned to look at him. A long, silent stare.

Then he sighed, pinched the bridge of his nose.

FITZ *(muttering to himself, exasperated)*
"Oh, for fuck's sake."

Without hesitation, Fitz shoved the rear-admiral straight into the harbor.

A single, effortless motion. No dramatic wind-up, no warning. Just a swift, decisive push.

The young officer barely had time to flail before he hit the water with a loud *splash*,

disappearing beneath the surface for a brief moment before surfacing, sputtering, his pristine **double-breasted suit** now clinging to him like a drowned cat.

Luxury yachts bobbed gently around him, their sleek hulls undisturbed by the spectacle. A few sunbathers on deck glanced over, unimpressed—Monte Carlo had seen far worse.

Fitz, hands in his pockets, leaned slightly over the edge, looking down with the same mild interest one might give a stray dog knocking over a bin.

FITZ *(dry, unbothered)*
"Try and look all pompous now."

The rear-admiral, coughing up seawater, wiped his face and looked up, rage and disbelief warring on his features.

REAR-ADMIRAL *(spluttering)*
"Sir! That was—"

FITZ *(interrupting, lighting his pipe like nothing happened)*
"Necessary."

A pause.

Fitz took a long draw from his pipe, exhaled, then gestured vaguely at him.

FITZ *(calm, instructional)*
"Now climb out. Slowly. No panic. Look casual."

The rear-admiral blinked, trying to process whether this was some advanced MI6 field training or just *pure sadism*.

FITZ *(raising an eyebrow)*
"Or I shove you back in, and we start over."

With an audible *groan*, the rear-admiral reached for the dock ladder.

Somewhere on a nearby yacht, a woman in oversized sunglasses smirked behind her champagne flute.

The rear-admiral, still dripping wet, clambered onto the dock, his once-impeccable attire now a sodden mess. He slicked his hair back with both hands, inhaled sharply, and turned to Fitz with as much dignity as a man who had just been thrown into the Mediterranean could muster.

REAR-ADMIRAL *(glaring, muttering through clenched teeth)*
"Aren't we trying to keep a *low profile*?"

Fitz chuckled. A deep, knowing chuckle, the kind that came from a man who had seen too much to take a question like that seriously.

He took a long draw from his pipe, exhaled, then finally looked at the younger man with an amused smirk.

FITZ *(calm, utterly unimpressed)*
"What made you think that?"

The rear-admiral blinked.

FITZ *(gesturing vaguely at Monte Carlo around them)*
"There is *nothing* more suspicious than trying *not* to call attention. If you look like you're hiding something, people will start looking for what you're hiding."

He let the words sink in for a beat, then sighed, adjusting the cuffs of his sweater.

FITZ *(shaking his head, as if talking to a slow student)*

"Look, lad, I have a *job* to do. I can't always teach you the *basics*."

The rear-admiral stared at him, still soaked, still fuming, but now—begrudgingly—thinking.

Fitz clapped him once on the shoulder, then turned, strolling off down the dock as if nothing had happened.

FITZ *(over his shoulder, casual)*
"Come along now, Admiral. You're getting seawater all over the bloody Riviera."

[EXT. MONTE CARLO – PROMENADE]

The sea breeze carried the scent of salt and wealth. Monte Carlo was alive with the quiet hum of morning decadence—leisurely strollers, yachts in the harbor, the occasional clink of fine porcelain from overpriced cafés.

Then came the **Maghrebian vendor**.

Dark-skinned, wiry, moving with the practiced ease of someone who had worked these streets for years. His arms were draped in counterfeit watches, his hands balancing a folding display of **cheap sunglasses and bracelets**. He approached **the rear-admiral first**, stepping lightly, offering his wares with the kind of persistence that was expected in such places.

The rear-admiral barely spared him a glance, waving him off with the dismissive irritation of

a man whose patience had already been tested enough for the day.

REAR-ADMIRAL *(annoyed, muttering)*
"Not interested, mate."

But Fitz—**Fitz went on full alert**.

A microsecond of stillness. A shift in posture. A minute, imperceptible tightening of the vendor's grip on his tray.

Fitz saw it.

And Fitz *moved*.

With the reflexes of a man who had spent a lifetime in the shadows of warfare, **he leaped**—straight into the rear-admiral, slamming him to the ground and pinning him down just as the world **ripped open**.

The vendor's display **detonated forward**, an improvised directional bomb, **a claymore of death disguised as tourist trash**.

A wall of metal, glass, and flesh-shredding debris blasted outward.

The vendor was already **sprinting the opposite way**, disappearing into the panicked crowd as his **trap tore through Monte Carlo**.

It was **a massacre**.

A woman pushing a stroller had time to scream—only half a scream—before shrapnel **tore through her throat**, reducing it to pulp.

An elderly man in a linen suit **collapsed mid-stride**, a jagged piece of metal lodged in his skull like a grotesque crown.

Children. **Children.** Their tiny bodies thrown like rag dolls, their bright summer clothes soaked in red.

The promenade **became a scene of butchery in seconds**.

Blood pooled between the cobblestones, running down toward the harbor in small, lazy rivulets. Guts lay exposed, coiling like grotesque sea creatures ripped from their shells.

And through it all—**Fitz and the rear-admiral remained untouched**.

Because Fitz **had known**.

He had seen the vendor's stance, had read his movements, had *understood* before anyone else had a chance to. And when he tackled the rear-admiral, he had **dived precisely into the**

blind spot—the exact angle where the blast wouldn't reach them.

Now, as the screams began, as chaos consumed the Riviera, Fitz lifted his head. His pipe was gone, knocked somewhere into the dust, but his eyes—his eyes—were sharp.

He glanced down at the rear-admiral beneath him.

The young officer was frozen, his face pale, staring at the carnage like a man seeing true horror for the first time.

Fitz exhaled. Brushed off his sweater.

Then, calmly, he stood.

[EXT. MONTE CARLO – PROMENADE – MOMENTS AFTER THE BLAST]

Screams filled the air.

The once-idyllic Riviera promenade was now a **butcher's floor**, slick with **blood, bone, and charred remnants of what had been people**. The blast had **torn through the crowd indiscriminately**—men, women, children. No targets. No warnings. Just **death**.

Fitz stood, dusting off his sweater, his **breathing steady**—not out of indifference, but out of something much worse: **recognition**.

This was nothing new.

The rear-admiral was shaking.

His **eyes were wide**, darting across the carnage like a man trying to wake from a nightmare. He had been in war rooms, had read intelligence briefings, had even signed off on **operational strikes**. But **this**—**this was different**.

Because this was **here**.

Fitz turned to him, expression unreadable.

FITZ *(calm, too calm)*
"Admiral… lad…"

The rear-admiral slowly, **mechanically**, looked up.

FITZ *(casual, but razor-sharp)*
"You got one of those intercoms on you?"

A long pause.

The rear-admiral swallowed. He opened his mouth, then closed it.

REAR-ADMIRAL *(weak, hollow)*
"I… no, sir. I don't."

The words felt **foreign in his own mouth**.

Fitz stared at him. Just **stared**.

Then, in a single, perfectly articulated sentence, he expressed the full, raw depth of

his **disappointment, irritation, and quiet, building rage**.

FITZ *(flat, disgusted)*
"Then *why not,* you **prick?** What are you even **doing?**"

The rear-admiral had **no answer**.

Fitz didn't wait for one.

He pulled out his own **cellphone**—an old, no-nonsense model, nothing fancy, nothing traceable. **Pressed a number**.

As the call connected, he turned—**and his eyes landed on the children**.

Maimed. **Torn apart.**

Some **weren't moving at all.**

Some **were still screaming**, shrill, piercing cries that cut deeper than any bullet ever could.

And for the first time in **many, many years**…

Fitz **spat.**

Not out of disgust.

Not out of contempt.

But because **this was unforgivable.**

[INT. PENTHOUSE – HÔTEL DE PARIS, MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

The penthouse was **impeccable**, its luxury muted but undeniable. Monte Carlo stretched beyond the floor-to-ceiling windows, glittering with the wealth of **billionaires, oligarchs, and ghosts**.

Fitz stood by a sleek, minimalist table, dressed in a **military jumpsuit**, every trace of tourist camouflage now gone. He was **clean**, **efficient**, **operative**.

The **rear-admiral—David, now—was not.**

He was stepping out of the **n-th shower**, rubbing his hair dry with a pristine white towel. His face was drawn, his eyes distant.

Trying to scrub away the stench.

The stench of **burnt explosives.**

The stench of **charred human flesh.**

Fitz didn't look at him as he spoke.

FITZ *(quiet, matter-of-fact)*
"That doesn't come off, son."

He had never called him 'son' before.

David froze for half a second, then exhaled, tossing the towel onto a chair. His voice, when he spoke, was hesitant but **intentional**.

DAVID *(low, subdued)*
"Name's David, sir."

Fitz turned, finally meeting his eyes. **Studying him.**

Then he shook his head.

FITZ *(calm, but absolute)*
"Don't get attached to names."

He adjusted his sleeves.

FITZ *(continuing, as if explaining a law of physics)*
"Use titles. Epithets. Those don't die."

David absorbed that in silence.

Then, straightening his posture, he asked the only thing that mattered.

DAVID *(controlled, focused now)*
"So what now, sir?"

Fitz walked to the window, looking down at **Monte Carlo's true heartbeat**—not the casino, but the **people who owned it.**

FITZ *(low, certain)*
"We aren't here for fun."

He gestured outside, where yachts gleamed under moonlight, their decks alive with **cigars, champagne, and untraceable transactions.**

FITZ *(continuing, sharp)*
"Money comes and goes through here. *Even bitcoins.* We look into it."

David followed his gaze.

DAVID *(frowning slightly)*
"The casino?"

Fitz turned to look at him. Then, with the exhaustion of a man who had spent a lifetime dealing with idiots, he exhaled.

FITZ *(deadpan, disappointed)*
"No, *not* the casino, you **boop.** This is not a *movie*."

David stiffened, caught between offense and realization.

Fitz **turned back to the city, nodding towards the harbor.**

FITZ *(continuing, methodical)*
"The parties. The yachts. The **orgies.**"

David blinked.

DAVID *(hesitant, uncertain if he heard that right)*
"… *Orgies?*"

Fitz finally turned back, looking at him as if explaining reality to a very dense child.

FITZ *(patient, but only barely)*
"Yes, lad. **Orgies.** What were you expecting?"

David hesitated. His brain was trying to align **military intelligence operations** with **debauched billionaire excess**, and it wasn't quite clicking.

DAVID *(careful, cautious)*
"So you, sir, are going to…"

He trailed off, **realizing what he was implying too late.**

Fitz stared at him for a beat.

Then, **finally, he smiled.**

The kind of smile that made **entire war rooms uncomfortable.**

FITZ *(mock-offended, shaking his head)*
"*Me, son?* Orgies? *Parties?* And look **believable**?"

He let that hang for a moment.

Then, with a slow, deliberate nod toward **David's freshly showered, still slightly shell-shocked, but undeniably youthful face**, Fitz answered the question **without saying another word.**

[INT. PENTHOUSE – HÔTEL DE PARIS, MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

David was still trying to **process his new reality** when Fitz casually turned to him, his expression unreadable.

FITZ *(calm, almost casual)*
"Son, are you carrying **PPE**?"

David blinked, shifting slightly on his feet.

DAVID *(cautious, trying to sound competent)*
"Sir?"

Fitz rolled his eyes, exhaling like a man who had truly, deeply, and profoundly lost all faith in the new generation.

FITZ *(deliberate, slow, as if explaining to an idiot)*
"*Personal Protective Equipment.* Are you carrying any?"

David straightened up, eager to show **he was, in fact, prepared.**

DAVID *(confident, listing items)*
"Well, sir, I have an issued **bulletproof jacket**. And **operative gloves**. And **night-vision goggles—**"

Fitz shut his eyes. Took a deep breath. Shook his head.

Then he **interrupted**.

FITZ *(firm, disgusted)*
"*Condoms*, you **boop.** Are you carrying any?"

David **froze**.

For half a second, the question didn't even compute.

DAVID *(stammering, absolutely thrown off course)*
"*Condoms*, sir? Well, I don't think I—"

FITZ *(muttering to himself, already done with this conversation)*

“God save the Queen from these bloody amateurs.”

Before David could respond, **something flew through the air—a small box**, aimed right at his chest. He caught it, **fumbled**, then finally looked down.

A box of condoms.

David swallowed hard.

DAVID *(slowly, reading the box label)*
“Uhm··· XXXXXXL, sir?”

Fitz smirked, adjusting his cuffs.

FITZ *(flat, warning him)*
“See if you don’t get **lost into.**”

David **stared** at the box in his hands.

His soul **quietly left his body.**

[INT. SECRET ORGY LOCATION – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

Soft candlelight flickered against **ornate walls**, casting long, languid shadows across **plush velvet drapes** and **gilded furniture**. The air was thick with **perfume, champagne, and the unmistakable scent of excess**.

A **string quartet played softly** in the background, a refined contrast to the **indulgence behind closed doors**.

David arrived at the entrance, **unsure, stiff, but composed**. His training had prepared him for **battlefields, high-stakes negotiations, and military strategy**—but not **this.**

Waiting for him was a **cloaked woman**, the **cloakroom attendant**, **smiling** in a way that was **warm, professional, but knowing**.

CLOAKROOM ATTENDANT *(pleasant, businesslike)*

"Welcome, sir."

She **held out her hands expectantly.**

David hesitated, then slowly removed his **hat and gloves**, placing them in her grasp.

She nodded, **smiling still.**

Then **gestured for more.**

David blinked. Then, **reluctantly**, shrugged off his **coat**.

She folded it neatly. **Still smiling.**

He **paused.**

She **gestured again.**

David exhaled. **Took off his jacket.**

Another **nod.** Another **fold.**

The silence stretched as **she waited.**

David's hesitation grew, but **he was in too deep now.**

The shirt **went next.**

Then the **trousers.**

Then, **finally, the underwear.**

By the end of it, **David stood in his altogether**, **utterly starkers**, his military bearing now forced to contend with **the unforgiving realities of social nudity**.

CLOAKROOM ATTENDANT *(still perfectly polite, as if discussing wine pairings)*
"There we go, sir."

She turned, grasped the **heavy ballroom drapes**, and with a **graceful, practiced motion**, **pulled them open**.

A soft wave of **music, laughter, and something far more primal spilled out from within.**

David inhaled.

Then, **with all the dignity of a man on his first unsanctioned deep-cover mission into absolute depravity**, he **walked in.**

[INT. SECRET ORGY BALLROOM – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

The **heat** hit him first.

A **wall of humidity**, thick with **sweat, perfume, and skin**. The air **clung** to his body, heavy and damp, like a living thing wrapping around him.

Then, **his glasses fogged up.**

Completely. **Instant blindness.**

The room **became a swirling mess of sounds and sensations**—the rustle of silk against flesh,

the quiet murmur of laughter, the unmistakable rhythm of **bodies in motion**.

David tried to **breathe through his mouth**, **steady himself**, but his **foot caught on something—someone?**—and **he tripped forward.**

Panic.

Instinct took over.

He reached out, **grabbing hold of something solid, something hard**—a **bar, maybe**.

A warm one.

A **humid one.**

That was **not** a bar.

David **froze**.

A slow, dawning realization spread through him like an incoming train wreck.

He **snatched his hand back immediately**, staggering a step away.

Somewhere in the fog of his useless glasses, he heard a **deep, amused chuckle**.

A **woman's voice purred nearby.**

WOMAN *(laughing softly, playful)*
"Oh, darling, at least buy him dinner first."

[INT. SECRET ORGY BALLROOM – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

David **yanked his hand back** like he had touched **a live grenade.**

His breathing was **shallow**, his mind **scrambling for options**. But options **were few** when you were **naked, blind, and surrounded by writhing flesh.**

He **pushed up his glasses**—

Fog.

Nothing. A swirling gray mist of condensed humidity and sweaty sin.

He pulled them off—

Blurry.

Shapes moved. Indistinct. Merging. Melting together. A human Rorschach test of debauchery.

David's brain stalled.

FITZ'S VOICE *(from memory, echoing in his head)*
"*We aren't here for fun.*"

David's reality:

- Blind.
- Naked.

- Surrounded by highly compromising situations.

Brilliant. Absolutely bloody brilliant.

[INT. SECRET ORGY BALLROOM – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

David moved carefully, stepping over and around bodies sprawled across every surface in every position imaginable—and some he was fairly certain had yet to be categorized by modern science.

It was a maze of limbs, sweat, and whispers, the air thick with lust and expensive perfume, the scent of champagne and bodies mingling into something primal.

And as he moved, parts of him were touched.

Caressed. Brushed. Grabbed. Kissed.

Sucked.

Not the worst experience of his life, **to be honest.**

A warm hand **slid down his chest** as he maneuvered through a tangle of bodies. Another **grazed his lower back**. Someone—**he had no idea who**—pressed their lips **briefly to his shoulder.**

A **woman purred into his ear**, breath warm.

WOMAN *(soft, inviting)*
"Lost, darling?"

David **swallowed.**

A very **determined** tongue **traced along his hip bone.**

Okay. That was **quite enough of that.**

Because, **despite it all**, despite the **sweat-drenched, hedonistic chaos surrounding him**…

He had **a mission.**

And—**more importantly—he was British.**

No sex. We are British.

He **straightened his posture**, mustering every ounce of **Her Majesty's military discipline**, and **pressed on.**

[EXT. SECRET ORGY TERRACE – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

The air shifted.

Gone was the **thick, humid oppression** of the ballroom, replaced by **a cool Mediterranean breeze** that whispered across his skin. **Fresh air.**

David **followed it like a sailor chasing the wind.**

His hands found **another velvet drape**, and with a slow pull, he stepped **through**—

And suddenly, the world changed.

The terrace stretched out over the Riviera, bathed in moonlight and the soft golden glow of lanterns. Below, the sea whispered against the cliffs, dark and infinite, an abyss stretching toward the horizon.

David's glasses slowly cleared.

And he saw.

Everyone was still naked.

But here, the energy was different.

Men sat in leather armchairs, smoking fat cigars, sipping cognac in crystal tumblers. Their bodies, though bare, radiated power, their gazes sharp, their postures relaxed yet coiled like predators at rest.

Women lounged on plush divans, draped in half-open silk robes, holding cigarettes and champagne flutes, exhaling plumes of

perfumed smoke as they spoke in **low, knowing tones**. A few nursed **glasses of absinthe**, swirling the green liquid lazily as they listened.

The **talk was business.**

David took a slow breath.

And **finally understood.**

This was **not** where people **came to indulge**—**that** was inside, behind the drapes.

This was where people came **after.**

After they had **reached the height of ecstasy.**
After they had **died la petite mort.**
After they had **left all inhibitions behind.**

And now, they relaxed.

And **talked.**

Talked business.

David exhaled slowly.

He was **in the right place.**

[EXT. SECRET ORGY TERRACE – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

David was **steadying himself**, trying to **blend in—or at least not look like a government agent who had just stumbled through an orgy like an overgrown schoolboy**—when he felt **a touch.**

A woman's hand.

Soft. **Deliberate.**

It **caressed his thigh**, slow, **knowing**, trailing upwards with the kind of **unhurried confidence** that only came from experience.

And, **against his every effort, every ounce of British discipline, his soldier immediately sprang to attention.**

David's **entire body locked up.**

His jaw **tightened**, his back **went ramrod straight**, his breath **hitched**—he was **standing at full salute** before he could even issue the command to stand down.

The woman—**tall, elegant, radiating sensual amusement**—**smiled.**

WOMAN *(low, teasing, unbearably amused)*
"Oh, *darling*… you haven't yet, **have you?**"

David cleared his throat.

Then cleared it **again**, desperately trying to muster **the stiffest upper lip in the history of upper lips.**

His **hands locked behind his back**, his shoulders squared—if he **stood any stiffer, he'd qualify as a marble statue in Trafalgar Square.**

The woman **tilted her head**, eyes flickering over him with **the quiet, amused curiosity of a cat toying with a particularly nervous bird.**

Then, **gracefully**, she stood.

And took **his hand.**

WOMAN *(low, inviting, effortlessly commanding)*
"Come, dear… *let me take care of that.*"

David **swallowed hard.**

His **brain screamed tactical retreat.**

His **body?**

His body had already surrendered.

[INT. SECRET ORGY BALLROOM – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

The **velvet drapes fell shut** behind them, enclosing them once again in the **thick, humid air** of the ballroom.

David's heart was **racing**, his breath uneven, and the damp heat of the room clung to his skin like a second layer. The **woman's touch was electric**, her fingers trailing lightly over his face as she leaned in.

She kissed him.

Delicately. Softly.

Her lips brushed his with the kind of intimacy that felt more disarming than any explosion.

WOMAN *(whispering, her voice low and inviting)*
"It's not always about business, you know."

Before David could process what she meant, she **knelt before him**, her hands trailing down his sides.

A beat passed. Then another.

And then—

A wolf howl pierced the Mediterranean night.

In David's mind, **Looney Tunes chaos erupted**:

- A **train whistle going off.**
- **Steam blasting from his ears.**
- A **cartoon hammer pounding his own head.**

The storm passed as quickly as it had arrived, leaving only the **calm after the chaos.**

The woman rose slowly, her movements deliberate and elegant, her gaze holding his

with a quiet satisfaction. She passed a finger over her lips, as though sealing the moment.

WOMAN *(playful, approving)*
"You have pineapple in your diet. Good."

David's brain—already working overtime to comprehend the last several minutes—**completely short-circuited.**

[EXT. SECRET ORGY TERRACE – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

The **velvet drapes parted once more**, and the woman **glided** back onto the terrace as effortlessly as she had led him away.

David **followed**, his **legs slightly less steady than before**, but his posture now exuding **something different**—something **looser**, more **unshaken.**

He had been **baptized in the fire of decadence**, and now, **he belonged here.**

As he stepped back into the moonlight, **a waiter in a tailcoat materialized before him**—as if sensing exactly what he needed.

On the **silver tray**, perfectly arranged, sat:

- **A snifter of cognac, deep amber in color.**
- **A Montecristo cigar, its wrapper smooth and perfect.**

David **took both**, moving with **instinct now**, not hesitation.

The waiter, without speaking, **produced a small guillotine cutter**, slicing the **tip of the cigar** with a swift, precise motion. Then, just as smoothly, **he struck a match**, offering the flame with an elegance that suggested he had

performed this ritual for kings and warlords alike.

David **leaned in**, rotating the cigar **just so**, letting the **fire take hold**, the first draw filling his lungs with **rich, heady smoke.**

By the time he exhaled, the waiter had already **vanished into the background**, as if he had never been there at all.

David took a slow sip of **cognac**, feeling the warmth spread through him.

Then, finally, **he turned back to the crowd**.

Time to **mingle.** Time to **listen.** Time to **find out what these people were really here for.**

[EXT. SECRET ORGY TERRACE – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

David drifted through the **languid haze of smoke and wealth**, sipping his **cognac**, rolling

the Montecristo between his fingers, doing his best to look at ease.

But inside?

Inside, he was recoiling.

Because here, in this moonlit den of luxury, there was no shame.

Just as there had been no physical shame in the ballroom, there was no moral shame here.

No secrecy. No hushed voices. No cryptic code words.

They spoke freely.

Freely of drugs, the massive shipments being funneled through ports in West Africa, the new synthetic blends designed to bypass detection.

Freely of **weapons**, the **private militias** being armed for **wars that hadn't even begun yet**, the **governments funding them under the table**.

Freely of **slavery.**

David **almost choked on his cigar** when he heard it.

But they spoke of it **like logistics**, like trade routes, like **numbers on a ledger**.

- **Human cargo manifests.**
- **Supply chain efficiency.**
- **Market fluctuations for flesh.**

And then, the **worst of it.**

The kind of **depravity** that made the **cartels look like shoplifters**.

The kind of **horror that had no name** because **saying it aloud would curdle the soul**.

David **listened.**

Took mental notes.

Memorized **faces, names, connections**.

And, in his mind, **puked his guts out.**

This was **not just wealth**.

This was **the richest scum the world had to offer.**

And as he **stood among them, cigar smoldering, cognac warm in his palm**, he realized something very, very important.

Fitz had been right.

This was not a movie.

[EXT. SECRET ORGY TERRACE – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

David continued **to listen**, eyes half-lidded, fingers idly rolling the **Montecristo** between

them as if he were a man with nothing more pressing on his mind than the rich, heady aroma of tobacco and cognac.

But **his mind was racing**.

There were **no direct threats**, no **cartoonish villain speeches** about blowing up **Buckingham Palace** or assassinating the **Prime Minister**.

No one here was foolish enough to say something so **overtly incriminating**.

But the **dots were there to be connected.**

- **Supply chains**—how to move **arms and resources undetected**.
- **Cyberwarfare discussions**—how to **compromise government agencies** without firing a shot.
- **Influence operations**—how to **own** a country without ever stepping foot in it.

And plans like these—plans that needed real-time intelligence, geopolitical analysis, names, movements, weaknesses—that kind of information wasn't freely available.

Only a few organizations in the world had access to that level of detail, breadth, and accuracy.

And one above all.

MI6.

David took another slow sip of cognac, exhaling smoke through his nose, processing what he was hearing.

The pieces weren't all in place yet, but the shape of the puzzle was starting to show.

And whatever it was—whatever they were planning—Britain was in the way.

[EXT. SECRET ORGY TERRACE – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

David reached the **far end of the terrace**, where the light was dim, the shadows stretched longer, and the murmur of depraved conversations faded into background noise.

He needed a moment. **To regroup. To process.**

The pieces were falling into place.

He took another slow draw from his **Montecristo**, exhaled through his nose, and let his mind sift through the information he'd gathered.

MI6 was in the crosshairs.

The question was—**who was pulling the trigger?**

Then, just as he started **making sense of it all**, a man **casually strolled past.**

A simple, accidental bump—an elbow to his arm—and the cigar slipped from David's fingers, tumbling to the ground.

Instinct took over.

David leaned to retrieve it—

And then something cold. Hard. Wrong.

Shoved up where things were very much not supposed to be shoved up.

David froze.

Because even in such a delicate anatomical cavity, where tactile sensation is supposedly minimal, he immediately recognized what it was.

A barrel.

A pistol.

Pressed **firmly, precisely, uncomfortably**—and **undeniably deadly.**

His **every muscle locked up.**

This was **unpleasant.**

And **highly dangerous.**

[EXT. SECRET ORGY TERRACE – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

David **did not move.**

Not because he didn't **want to**, but because **movement was no longer an option.**

The **barrel of the pistol**—already **intrusively lodged in an area that should never, under any circumstances, be used for weapons storage**—**pressed further up.**

A voice came from behind him.

LOW. UNEMOTIONAL. DEADLY.

VOICE *(calm, but firm)*

"Who are you?"

David **kept his breathing slow.** Kept his face **neutral**.

His brain was **calculating possibilities.**

- **Pull away?** *No chance.*
- **Go for a weapon?** *Not in this position.*
- **Talk? Stall?** *Likely the best option. Probably the only option.*

The man behind him was **skilled.** Precise. Not some **amateur thug**.

Which meant one thing—**he had been made.**

And that was **very bad news.**

[EXT. SECRET ORGY TERRACE – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

The pressure **disappeared**.

Just like that.

A **thud** behind him.

The **barrel slipped out.**

David straightened **immediately**, every muscle still tensed, but now **free.**

He turned.

The man who had just been **pressing a gun inside him** was now **slumped on the floor.**

Unconscious? Dead? Didn't matter. **He was down.**

David's gaze **swept the terrace**, scanning for who had done it.

Nothing.

No movement. No signs. The **air itself felt still.**

Then—**hands.**

Black gloves. Black sleeves. **Emerging from the shadows.**

Before David could react, they **grabbed him by the armpits** and—

YANKED.

His feet **left the terrace** and he was **hauled backward into the dark**, hitting **stone** as he landed **hard** on the **roof cornice.**

He grunted, rolled to steady himself, and then **looked up.**

There, in the shadows, barely more than **a darker shape against the night**, stood a **figure.**

A **shadow within the shadows.**

And then, **slowly, deliberately, the figure reached up.**

Pulled off a **black balaclava.**

Fitz.

Expression unreadable. Eyes sharp.

David exhaled, heart still pounding, the weight of the moment settling in.

Fitz sighed.

FITZ *(calm, unimpressed)*
"You were about to get buggered to death, lad."

[EXT. ROOFTOP CORNICE – MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

David scrambled upright, his breath still ragged, his mind racing.

DAVID *(urgent, barely containing himself)*
"Fitz! I have news. Info. So many details. We need to write it all down before—"

Fitz, utterly unfazed, reached out.

With the casual precision of a man **plucking a leaf off his jacket**, he **removed David's glasses** right off his face.

David **blinked, confused**, reaching instinctively for them.

Fitz **ignored him.**

He turned the glasses over, **running his fingers along the temple tip.**

Then, **with a flick of his thumb, he pulled off a tiny black device**—no larger than a grain of rice.

He held it up between **two fingers**, barely glancing at David.

FITZ *(calm, flat, almost bored)*
"I know."

A **beat.**

Then, **he smirked.**

FITZ *(continuing, flipping the tiny device over)*
"I heard. **And recorded.**"

David **stared at him.**

Fitz **tossed the device up once, caught it, and pocketed it.**

David inhaled. Exhaled. Nodded.

Of course.

Fitz had been listening the whole time.

[INT. SERVICE LIFT – HÔTEL DE PARIS, MONTE CARLO – NIGHT]

They moved fast.

Through a dormer. Across **the sloped roof** with the ease of men who had done this far too many times. Slipped into **a maintenance hatch**, feet **hitting solid ground** inside the building.

The service lift was **their quickest exit**.

And now—**they were in it.**

The ancient **fluorescent light flickered weakly**, casting an **ugly, sterile glow** over the two men.

Fitz stood **calmly**, arms crossed, clad in **full black night camouflage**, looking **every bit the ghost operative that he was**.

David, on the other hand…

Well.

David was **still stark naked.**

No clothes. No dignity. Just David.

The **silence was unbearable.**

The old lift **rattled downward, slow as hell.**

David, arms folded tightly across his chest, **stared at the floor**, pretending **none of this was happening**.

Fitz **shifted slightly**, glancing at him out of the corner of his eye.

Then, **casually**, in the kind of tone one might use to discuss the weather, he spoke.

FITZ *(low, amused, teasing)*
"Pineapple, eh?"

David **closed his eyes.**

The **lift kept going down.**

Slow. **Excruciatingly slow.**

[EXT. COASTAL ROAD – NIGHT]

The **Renault R4** rattled and sputtered its way along the winding coastal road, its engine sounding like it might give up the ghost at any moment.

David sat in the **passenger seat**, now wrapped in a **threadbare blanket** they'd found in the boot, his arms crossed and his mood somewhere between **irritated and mortified.**

Fitz drove with **complete calm**, as though the **aging, boxy car** were a Bentley and not a relic barely clinging to life.

The **Mediterranean sparkled** in the moonlight to their left, but David wasn't in the mood for scenic views.

DAVID *(grumbling, exasperated)*
"Shouldn't we be in an **Aston Martin** or something?"

Fitz didn't even look at him.

FITZ *(calm, deadpan)*
"Remember what I said about not calling attention?"

David huffed, sinking further into his seat as the R4 let out another sputter and a cough.

DAVID *(mutters under his breath)*
"This thing calls attention by just **existing.**"

Fitz allowed himself the faintest hint of a smirk, tapping the steering wheel as the car struggled up a hill.

FITZ *(with dry amusement)*
"Yes, but no one takes it **seriously**, lad."

The R4 coughed again, a backfire echoing into the night.

David shook his head, muttering,
“Unbelievable.”

[EXT. BORDER CROSSING – ITALY – NIGHT]

The **Renault R4** rattled past the unassuming border checkpoint into Italy, its engine coughing in protest as they continued down the **coastal road**, now lined with **olive trees and rustic villas**.

David, still wrapped in his **threadbare blanket**, stared out the window, the reality of the situation **finally starting to settle** in his mind.

It took him this long—**too long**—to think of asking the obvious question.

DAVID *(turning to Fitz, hesitant)*
"So… where are we going?"

Fitz didn't answer right away.

He kept his eyes on the road, one hand lightly gripping the wheel, the other resting on the gear stick.

Finally, in a tone so casual it might have been about picking up groceries, he replied:

FITZ *(calm, deliberate)*
"To squash a cockroach."

David blinked, caught between intrigue and unease.

DAVID *(frowning)*
"A… cockroach?"

Fitz's lips curved into the faintest smirk.

FITZ *(quiet, sharp)*
"A big one."

[EXT. VENTIMIGLIA RAILWAY STATION – NIGHT]

The Ventimiglia railway station wasn't Italy.

It was a bustling bazaar, a Maghreb caravanserai transplanted to the Riviera, alive with the smells of spiced food, the glow of cigarette embers, and the murmur of Arabic, French, and Italian mingling in the air.

Men lounged on the stairs, talking, smoking, conducting business that no one dared to write down. Others slept on blankets, their belongings piled around them, their eyes half-closed but always watchful.

The Renault R4 sputtered to a stop at the foot of the stairs. Fitz, calm as ever, ignored the curious glances as he drove right up to the steps, the old car bouncing slightly on the uneven stone.

David glanced around, still wrapped in the blanket, the hum of **tension** rising in his chest.

Before he could say a word, **Fitz reached into the glove compartment** and pulled out a **Beretta 9mm**, its black metal gleaming faintly in the low light.

Without ceremony, Fitz tossed it onto David's lap.

FITZ *(flat, without looking at him)*
"Cover me."

David stared at the gun, then at Fitz, who was already stepping out of the car.

DAVID *(alarmed, hissing)*
"Wait—what?"

Fitz didn't answer.

He walked up the **broad stairs**, his gaze scanning the crowd as though he were looking

for **no one in particular**—and yet he knew **exactly** where he was going.

Finally, he stopped in front of **one of the many men sitting on the steps**, a wiry figure hunched over, chewing on the stub of a cigarette.

Without a word, Fitz **grabbed him by the collar** and **yanked him upright.**

The man barely had time to **protest** before Fitz **planted his boot on the man's knee** and, with a **sharp press**, forced it **backwards.**

The **crunch** was audible, wet and sickening.

The man's scream ripped through the night, piercing and raw, as he collapsed onto the stairs, clutching his ruined leg.

The atmosphere changed **immediately.**

Men started to **move**, eyes narrowing, bodies tensing. Conversations **stopped mid-sentence**,

cigarettes were dropped, and the **air crackled with the promise of violence.**

Still sitting in the car, **Beretta in hand**, David realized the attention was turning toward Fitz—and **fast.**

Very fast.

And then it hit him.

It was **his move.**

His **job**.

And he was still **naked.**

[EXT. VENTIMIGLIA RAILWAY STATION – NIGHT]

The man on the ground **wailed in pain**, clutching at his **shattered knee**, his screams echoing off the station's walls.

Fitz, crouched beside him, **spoke sharply** in a language that David could only assume was **Arabic**. The words were **rapid, cutting**, his tone leaving no room for interpretation.

But whatever Fitz was saying, it wasn't **David's problem right now.**

His problem was the **crowd.**

The station steps were coming alive. Men were **rising from their places**, moving slowly at first, then with more **purpose**, closing in on Fitz and the scene he had just made.

Eyes were sharp, hands were reaching for **hidden weapons**, and the low murmur of voices began to swell into something more dangerous.

David gripped the **Beretta 9mm** in his hands, his palms already slick with sweat.

He was **still naked**, the threadbare blanket barely draped over him, but modesty wasn't a priority anymore.

The only priority was **Fitz.**

David slid out of the car, standing tall at the base of the steps, the gun held low but visible, his finger brushing the trigger guard.

DAVID *(raising his voice, firm but steady)*
"Stay back!"

The crowd hesitated—**just for a moment.**

David leveled the **Beretta**, sweeping it across the growing circle of men, his heart hammering in his chest. He knew it wasn't just the gun that mattered—it was **confidence. Presence.**

Fitz glanced over his shoulder, just once.

His eyes met David's, calm and unreadable. Then he turned back to the man on the

ground, his voice continuing in sharp, deliberate Arabic.

David swallowed hard, keeping his focus on the crowd.

He didn't understand what Fitz was saying, but he understood the stakes.

This was about control.

Theirs or ours.

[EXT. VENTIMIGLIA RAILWAY STATION – NIGHT]

Fitz removed his hand from the man on the ground, his expression unreadable. The man's screams had subsided into low, pained whimpers, his shattered knee now a gruesome, twisted mess.

Without a word, Fitz stood, adjusted his jacket, and walked directly into the station, stepping

past the small crowd of North Africans who had begun to gather.

David's pulse quickened.

Fitz wasn't hesitating. He wasn't looking back.

That meant it was David's job to cover him.

David shifted his stance, the Beretta 9mm now held firmly in his hands, the weight of the gun suddenly feeling less foreign.

Maybe he'd been a fish out of water back on that terrace—blind, naked, fumbling through the surreal debauchery of the orgy.

But this?

This was familiar.

Military, he knew.

Damn well.

David's training kicked in, his focus narrowing.

- He swept the **crowd**, watching for hands dipping into pockets, subtle movements toward hidden blades or pistols.
- He moved with purpose, keeping **Fitz in his peripheral vision** as the older man disappeared into the **station's shadows.**
- His gaze locked with a few of the more **bold onlookers**, his expression a clear, unspoken warning:

Don't. Even. Try.

The tension hung thick, like the air before a storm.

But David's presence, the **Beretta held steady**, and the unflinching **confidence of Fitz walking away like he owned the place**, kept the crowd **at bay.**

For now.

[EXT. VENTIMIGLIA RAILWAY STATION – NIGHT]

The tension in the air was **thick enough to cut**, the crowd of **North Africans** hovering just at the edge of action. David kept his **Beretta trained**, his stance firm, eyes scanning for **the first sign of trouble.**

Then, **Fritz reappeared.**

Dragging an **unconscious man by the foot.**

The man's body **thudded** against the steps as Fitz hauled him with **zero ceremony**, his expression as calm as if he were taking out the rubbish.

David didn't flinch, his focus still on the **restless crowd.**

Fritz reached the **Renault R4**, popped open the **trunk**, and with **a grunt of effort**, shoved the **unconscious man inside.**

The trunk slammed shut with a sharp **clang.**

Fritz strode to the driver's seat, slid in, and **turned the ignition**. The R4 sputtered to life, coughing and grumbling like an old smoker but still running.

FITZ *(without looking back)*
"In the car, lad."

David didn't hesitate.

He **backed toward the car**, keeping the crowd in his sights, the Beretta steady in his hands. The men began to **murmur**, their movements slow, deliberate—**testing the waters**.

But no one dared step closer.

David slid into the passenger seat, the door slamming shut just as Fitz threw the car into gear.

The R4 lurched forward, its engine protesting loudly, but Fritz coaxed it into motion, pushing the old car as hard as it could go.

The crowd began to shout, a few stepping forward as if to give chase, but by the time anyone could react, the R4 was already puttering away, the small car sprinting for all it was worth.

Which, admittedly, wasn't much.

But it was enough.

The station lights faded into the distance, and David finally let out a slow breath, lowering the Beretta as he glanced over at Fitz.

Fitz's face remained calm, his eyes fixed on the road, the man in the trunk forgotten as the R4 sputtered its way along the dark, winding highway.

[INT. RENAULT R4 – COASTAL ROAD – NIGHT]

The R4 rattled along the winding coastal highway, its tired engine struggling but holding steady. The world outside was dark and quiet, the chaos of Ventimiglia fading behind them.

David sat stiffly in the passenger seat, the Beretta 9mm still in his lap. His heartbeat had slowed, but his thoughts were racing.

He glanced at Fitz.

The older man's expression was impossible to read, his eyes fixed on the road, his hands steady on the wheel.

David shifted, craning his neck to look into the trunk behind them.

The man Fitz had dragged from the station lay **unconscious**, his body slumped awkwardly in the confined space.

And then David's stomach tightened.

He knew that face.

The **Maghrebian vendor**.

The one selling **counterfeit watches**, **cheap sunglasses**, and **bracelets** in Monte Carlo.

The one whose **display detonated forward**, sending **shrapnel tearing through the crowd**.

David's mind raced back to the screams, the blood, the carnage on the Riviera.

He turned back to Fitz, his voice tight, unsure whether it was a question or an accusation.

DAVID *(low, incredulous)*
"Him."

Fitz didn't look at him.

Didn't blink.

He spoke, his voice calm, but with a weight that **brooked no argument.**

FITZ *(low, deliberate)*
"This is personal."

David **stared**, searching Fitz's face for any sign of what lay beneath the words. But Fitz offered **nothing more**, his focus still locked on the road ahead.

David sat back, gripping the Beretta tighter, the realization settling in his chest like a stone.

This wasn't just an **operation**.

This was **something else.**

[EXT. OLIVE GROVE – HILLS ABOVE VENTIMIGLIA – DAWN]

The **Renault R4** sputtered to a stop beneath the canopy of an **ancient olive grove**, its branches twisting against the first light of dawn. The **Mediterranean** stretched out below, calm and serene, an ironic backdrop to what was about to happen.

Fitz stepped out of the car, his movements deliberate, his expression **set in stone.**

David followed, his mind racing, the weight of the **Beretta** in his hand a constant reminder of how far they'd already gone.

Fitz walked to the back of the car, popped the **trunk**, and looked at David.

FITZ *(low, commanding)*
"Help me."

Without a word, David complied.

They dragged the unconscious man out of the trunk, his limp body heavy and awkward to handle. Fitz moved with precision, leading them to the gnarled trunk of an olive tree, its roots deeply embedded in the rocky soil.

The man's arms and legs were tied to the tree with rough cord Fitz produced from his jacket pocket. The bindings were tight, unyielding, ensuring the man wouldn't move more than a fraction of an inch.

David held the man's body steady as Fitz worked.

The first rays of sunlight began to crest the horizon, casting a faint golden glow over the scene.

Fitz reached into his pocket and produced a **small Opinel knife**, its simple wooden handle worn smooth with use.

He opened the blade with a **soft, deliberate click**.

David's breath caught as he watched Fitz lean in.

Without hesitation, Fitz **stabbed the blade into the man's armpit**, the movement precise, calculated.

The blade sank deep into the soft flesh, and then Fitz **turned it**, the steel grinding against tissue.

The man **jerked awake**, a guttural, **agonized scream** tearing through the grove as the pain brought him fully to his senses.

Fitz stepped back, his expression **calm, cold**, as the man **thrashed against the bindings**, his screams echoing in the quiet morning air.

David stood frozen, gripping the Beretta, his eyes locked on Fitz.

DAVID *(low, uneasy)*
"Fitz··· what's the plan?"

Fitz glanced at him, his voice calm but sharp, cutting through the man's screams like a blade.

FITZ *(quietly)*
"The plan, lad, is to make him talk."

[EXT. OLIVE GROVE – HILLS ABOVE VENTIMIGLIA – DAWN]

The man's **screams tapered into gasps**, his body trembling as Fitz's **Opinel blade hovered close**, its sharp tip **a constant threat**. Blood oozed from the wound in his armpit, darkening

the fabric of his shirt and soaking into the ropes binding him to the tree.

Fitz didn't rush.

His voice was low, cold, unrelenting—questions delivered with the kind of calm precision that made it clear there was no escape, only the inevitability of answers.

The man talked.

Fast.

Terrorism—plain and simple. The bomb was meant to produce carnage, to send a message soaked in blood, to make the world watch in horror as a famous, crowded place became a slaughterhouse.

That part Fitz already knew.

He didn't need to hear it.

But Fitz's questions **cut deeper** than the knife.

FITZ *(quietly, coldly)*
"Why Monte Carlo? Why *that day*? You could've hit Nice. Menton. Somewhere else."

The man **spilled the beans**.

Monte Carlo had been **chosen for its fame**, its **symbolic weight**, its **glamour turned to ash.** The date had been **significant**, tying into some **internal propaganda cycle**, a day they wanted burned into memory.

FITZ *(sharper, pressing now)*
"Where did you get the explosive?"

The answer came in **frantic bursts**, the man stumbling over his words, **desperate to stop the blade.** A shipment smuggled through **West Africa**, refined in a **makeshift lab**, ferried to the

Riviera by a **network of handlers** who operated with **terrifying efficiency.**

FITZ *(leaning closer, voice quiet but deadly)* "Who are you? Which organization? What do they do?"

The man broke.

Names spilled out. Connections. The **structure of a network** built on **hatred and fanaticism**, spanning **North Africa, Europe, and beyond.**

By the time he was done, the man was **sobbing**, his words barely coherent.

Fitz stepped back, closing the Opinel with a **satisfying click**, his face unreadable.

David stood nearby, the Beretta still in his hand, his grip tightening and loosening as he processed the flood of information.

DAVID *(low, uncertain)*

“That’s… a lot.”

Fitz glanced at him, his expression **cold, calculating.**

FITZ *(quietly)*

“It’s enough.”

For now.

[EXT. OLIVE GROVE – HILLS ABOVE VENTIMIGLIA – DAWN]

The **Mediterranean sun** was beginning to rise, casting a golden glow over the grove, **too beautiful** for what was happening beneath it.

The man was **broken**, slumped against the tree, his breath coming in **ragged sobs**, his eyes **wild with terror**. He had talked. He had **spilled everything**.

But Fitz wasn’t finished.

He **knelt** in front of the man, moving with **calm precision**, and pulled out **another Opinel knife**.

This one was **bigger**.

David, still gripping the **Beretta**, felt a cold shiver crawl down his spine.

"Does he have a thing with knees?" he thought, almost distantly.

Fitz **pressed the tip** of the blade against the man's **right knee**, just above the patella.

Then, **slowly**, he pushed it **in.**

The man's **entire body seized**, a ragged, high-pitched scream tearing from his throat.

Fitz moved **with surgical patience**, slicing through **flesh, tendons, cartilage**, cutting **a clean, deliberate circle** around the kneecap.

The knife moved **in excruciating slowness**, methodical, **unstoppable.**

Until—**the patella popped out.**

A small, pale **disk of bone** tumbled **onto the dirt** by the man's **twitching feet.**

The screams were **pure agony**, echoing through the quiet grove, swallowed only by the whisper of the wind.

David **stared**.

His hands were tight around the gun, his breath steady, but his mind **struggled to keep up.**

This wasn't an **interrogation anymore.**

This was **something else.**

Fitz **shifted slightly**, wiped the blade on the man's ruined clothes, and moved to the **other knee**.

The man **howled**, **begged**, **pleaded**, but Fitz didn't acknowledge him.

With the same **slow, deliberate precision**, he did it **again.**

The second **kneecap hit the ground**, rolling slightly before settling in the dirt.

The man was **no longer screaming.**

His body **shuddered**, the pain so overwhelming it **bordered on catatonic.**

Fitz finally stood, slipping the **bloodied knife** back into his pocket.

His face remained **unchanged.**

His voice, when he spoke, was **quiet. Final. Uncompromising.**

FITZ *(calm, cold)*
"For the kids in Monte Carlo."

David swallowed hard.

He said nothing.

Because **what was there to say?**

[EXT. OLIVE GROVE – HILLS ABOVE VENTIMIGLIA – DAWN]

David **swallowed hard**.

The scene before him was **pure brutality**, the kind of thing that didn't just live in **classified reports** or **stories whispered over cheap whiskey in dimly lit bars**—this was **real.**

He had just **assisted** in **deliberate torture**.

And he had done it **completely naked.**

A gust of wind **brushed against his exposed skin**, and in the absolute horror of the moment, a single, absurd thought **forced its way into his brain**:

"I am standing in an olive grove, holding a loaded Beretta, watching a man get his kneecaps removed··· in my birthday suit."

A faint **twitch** formed at the corner of his eye.

His throat **tightened**, the absurdity **competing** with the gravity of the situation.

Fitz, still **expressionless**, turned to him, wiping his hands on a handkerchief he had produced **from nowhere, like a magician.**

He regarded David **for a beat**, then sighed.

FITZ *(deadpan, as if commenting on the weather)*
“You should really get some clothes, lad.”

David **let out a slow, shaky breath**, staring at the **patellas in the dirt**, the blood soaking into the earth, the groaning, nearly unconscious man **tied to the tree.**

Then, finally, he **exhaled sharply and muttered**:

DAVID *(flat, distant)*
"…No sex. We are British."

Fitz smirked, tossing him his jacket.

[EXT. GENOVA – THE CARRUGGI – NIGHT]

The harbor was alive with the quiet hum of ships docking, cranes shifting cargo, and the faint scent of salt and diesel mixing in the air.

Beyond it, the carruggi awaited.

David had learned.

Now, both he and Fitz moved without standing out, their comfortable jumpers, loose jeans, and worn-out trainers blending them into the unremarkable city night.

Genova's carruggi were a labyrinth, an impossible network of alleyways, staircases, and dead-ends, their history woven into the very stones beneath their feet.

- Some were so narrow that a man had to walk sideways just to pass through.

- Some were **so steep** that if you weren't trained, you'd be **on all fours before you reached the top.**
- Some were **so filthy** that even the **rats gave them a wide berth**.

And again—**like Ventimiglia Station**—not an **Italian** in sight.

Instead, the **melting pot of the Mediterranean underworld** swirled around them.

Maghreb. Latin America. Eastern Europe.

People who weren't here to see the sights. **People who were here because they had nowhere else to go.**

And through this mess, in the heart of the carruggi, **walked two British men.**

One, a **veteran ghost, whose history most MI6 operatives would never know, and never want to.**

The other, a **freshly blooded officer, who had learned that an Aston Martin wasn't nearly as useful as a comfortable pair of shoes.**

As they moved, Fitz spoke low, almost conversationally.

FITZ *(casual, as if discussing tea preferences)*
"Stick close, lad. This place eats outsiders."

David nodded, his **eyes scanning the alleys**, every movement now **measured**, every step **cautious but natural.**

Because here, in **this labyrinth of shadows and deals made in whispers**, there were no **rules, no jurisdictions, no backup.**

Just **who you knew.**

And **who was willing to kill you.**

[EXT. GENOVA – THE CARRUGGI – NIGHT]

The **alley was tight**, the air thick with the scent of **stale beer, salt, and a hundred conversations happening at once.**

David walked **a half-step behind Fitz**, eyes moving constantly, scanning the faces, the hands, the body language of the crowd.

Then it happened.

A man, **young, wiry, fast**, **bumped into Fitz** with a move so casual it was almost convincing. A **split-second of contact**—just enough to brush against his pocket, just enough for a practiced hand to **lift** what wasn't his.

Then, he was **gone**, slipping into the sea of bodies, walking away **too fast, too deliberately**.

Even **for David**, who had grown up on military discipline, **who had spent years in environments that taught him how to recognize a threat**, this was **too obvious.**

DAVID *(low, wary, to Fitz)*
"Do you still have your wallet?"

Fitz didn't even look up.

Instead, **he reached into his pocket** and **produced a wallet.**

He flipped it open, scanning the **contents with mild interest**.

FITZ *(casual, unimpressed)*
"I have **his**."

David blinked. Looked back toward the **direction of the thief.**

Realized.

His **eyes widened slightly**, a small, almost involuntary exhale escaping him.

Fitz had **picked the pickpocket.**

Without so much as **breaking stride.**

David exhaled through his nose, shaking his head slightly.

DAVID *(muttering, half to himself)*
"Unbelievable."

Fitz **smirked**, flipping through the wallet, checking the ID.

FITZ *(idly, as if reading a grocery list)*
"Well, well. Let's see who our new friend is."

David just **sighed**, because of course **Fitz would turn a random street hustle into a lead.**

Fitz flipped open the wallet with the precision of a man who had done this countless times, the worn leather creaking faintly. He thumbed through the contents, his face unreadable but focused.

Cash—**euros**, not much, mostly small bills. A **cheap laminated ID card**, the kind you'd see made in a rush for a fake job or quick access to somewhere shady. A **business card**, edges frayed, with a name printed in bold:

"Karim Boudir."

Fitz's eyes narrowed slightly, and he held up the ID for David to see.

FITZ *(calm, curious)*
"Karim Boudir."

The photo on the ID showed a wiry, sharp-faced man—**the same one who had bumped into him.**

Underneath the ID was something else, tucked in a fold behind the card slots. Fitz slid it out—a **small slip of paper**, neatly folded. He opened it and scanned the contents, his eyebrows raising ever so slightly.

A **list of names and numbers.**

Fitz handed the paper to David, his tone neutral but sharp.

FITZ *(quietly)*
"Recognize anything?"

David leaned in, his eyes scanning the list. His stomach tightened as he spotted a name he **did recognize**—a name that had come up in the interrogation earlier, under the olive tree.

DAVID *(grimly)*
“This ties back to Ventimiglia.”

Fitz closed the wallet, slipping it into his own pocket with a faint smirk.

FITZ *(low, amused)*
“Guess our friend Karim’s more than just a pickpocket.”

He adjusted his jacket and glanced toward the narrow alley where the man had disappeared.

FITZ *(calm, decisive)*
“Let’s go say hello.”

[EXT. GENOVA – THE CARRUGGI – NIGHT]

The **narrow alley** twisted into a tighter passage, the kind where **one wrong turn could mean disappearing forever**.

Fitz and David followed **at a comfortable pace**, weaving through the crowd, their footfalls silent on the old stone.

Ahead, **Karim Boudir** was moving fast, slipping past groups of men smoking under dim street lamps, **looking back once, twice**, as if making sure no one was following.

Then Fitz **spoke.**

FITZ *(calm, casual, carrying just enough authority to be heard but not enough to sound dangerous—yet)*
"Sir, I think you dropped this."

Karim **froze mid-step.**

He turned, blinking, staring at the wallet Fitz **held up between two fingers**.

For a second, he didn't move—just stared at it like it was a **ghost**.

Then, **instinctively, he patted his pocket.**

Then the **other pocket.**

His expression **shifted.**

A flash of **confusion**, followed immediately by **realization.**

He looked from **his empty pocket** back to the **wallet in Fitz's hand.**

His jaw tensed. His eyes **flicked between Fitz and David**, calculating, his **breath hitching ever so slightly.**

David saw the tension **coil in his body**—the moment of **fight or flight.**

Fitz, utterly unbothered, just **smiled.**

FITZ *(low, pleasant, but unmistakably dangerous)*
"Now, Karim… let's talk."

[EXT. GENOVA – THE CARRUGGI – NIGHT]

For a **brief moment**, Karim **considered running**.

David **saw it**—the way his muscles **tensed**, the way his eyes **darted to possible exits**, calculating escape routes through the **twisting alleys of the carruggi**.

But then…

His gaze settled on **Fitz.**

Something in the **older Briton's posture**, in the way he stood—**calm, relaxed, completely unthreatened**—made Karim hesitate.

Not just hesitate. **Desist.**

Because **something in Fitz** told him that running was **pointless.**

That if he ran, he'd only be **caught faster.**

That if he **chose fight**, it would be **very short, very painful, and very final**.

So instead, he exhaled through his nose and lifted his hands in a **universal gesture of resignation**—arms open, **palms up**, a smirk forming on his lips as if to say:

"Eh, what can I do? Let's talk."

Fitz smiled, tucking the wallet back into his pocket.

FITZ *(pleasant, like two old friends catching up over tea)*
"That's the spirit."

David **kept his eyes locked** on Karim, his grip **lightly resting on the Beretta inside his jacket**, just in case.

The three men **stood in the alley**, the noise of **Genova's underbelly** buzzing faintly around them, the scent of **cheap tobacco, sea air, and quiet deals** filling the space between them.

Then Fitz gestured toward a **darkened side street**, away from prying eyes.

FITZ *(low, inviting, but absolute)*
"Shall we?"

Karim sighed, rolling his shoulders as if **loosening up for a conversation he knew he couldn't avoid.**

And then, he **walked with them into the shadows.**

[EXT. DARK ALLEY – GENOVA – NIGHT]

The **three men stepped into the shadows**, away from the prying eyes of the carruggi.

Fitz leaned casually against the **moss-covered stone wall**, arms crossed, his posture **relaxed but absolute.**

David **stood nearby**, his stance still slightly stiff, but his grip on the **Beretta** was firm inside his pocket. He was still learning, but this much he understood—**in a place like this, a show of force mattered.**

Fitz spoke **first**, his voice **low, precise**, and—**in Arabic.**

A simple question. A direct one.

Karim **hesitated**, muttered a few words in response, his hands twitching slightly.

Fitz's **expression didn't change.**

Then he asked **again**—same question, **but this time in English.**

And just like that, **Karim broke.**

Not dramatically, not in panic—just in the way **every small-time player in a well-oiled machine eventually does.**

He **talked.**

Told them **everything he knew.**

Which, **as expected, was next to nothing.**

Not because he was **holding back**—but because, in every **properly structured organization**, a man at **his level** never knew enough to be dangerous.

He was **a courier**, a **facilitator**, a **nobody in the grand scheme of things**. He moved **money, people, information**, but he never saw **the bigger picture.**

He named a **few contacts**, places where money **changed hands**, where shipments were **redirected**, where orders were **whispered** in **backrooms and mosques and dockside cafés.**

But **names weren't bosses.**

Locations weren't headquarters.

And Karim **was just a pawn.**

Fitz nodded, absorbing the information with **calm indifference**, as if mentally filing it away under *useful, but incomplete.*

Then he tilted his head, watching Karim carefully.

FITZ *(low, measured)*
"That all?"

Karim **nodded, quickly.**

KARIM *(tight, almost pleading)*
"That's all I know, Wallah. I swear."

Fitz studied him for a long moment.

Then, almost disappointed, he sighed.

FITZ *(murmuring, more to himself than anyone else)*
"Shame. Thought we'd get something interesting."

David, still holding the Beretta, finally exhaled, his mind **processing the puzzle before him.**

They were **on the right track.**

But the real players?

They were **still in the dark.**

[EXT. DARK ALLEY – GENOVA – NIGHT]

The tension **eased** just slightly now that Karim had spilled what little he knew. The air still

hung heavy with **the quiet threat of unfinished business**, but for now, there were no raised guns, no knives, no broken kneecaps.

David, still holding the **Beretta**, glanced at Karim, **curious now.**

DAVID *(casual, almost amused)*
"Karim… why didn't you answer in Arabic?"

Karim **snorted**, shaking his head slightly, rubbing his wrists as if that was the worst part of this night.

KARIM *(flat, dismissive)*
"He has a horrible accent."

David **arched an eyebrow.**

DAVID *(smirking)*
"Too British?"

Karim **looked at Fitz**, then back at David, his expression one of **mild offense at the very thought.**

KARIM *(deadpan)*
"Too Moroccan."

A **beat.**

KARIM *(shrugging, with the resignation of centuries-old hatred)*
"I am Algerian. *We hate them.*"

Fitz let out a small, knowing chuckle.

FITZ *(dry, amused)*
"Well, that's bloody universal, isn't it?"

David just shook his head, **half amused, half exasperated.**

The more he learned, the less he understood.

[EXT. DARK ALLEY – GENOVA – NIGHT]

The intensity of the moment **had passed.** Karim had talked, spilled what little he knew, and now stood **rubbing his wrists**, his wariness fading into **the tired resignation of a man who understood his place in the food chain.**

Fitz, ever unpredictable, **broke the silence with a completely unrelated question.**

FITZ *(calm, as if they were old friends catching up over drinks)*
"Karim, I want to eat good *focaccia con le cipolle*. Here, in the *vicoli.* Where?"

Karim, **blinking**, processed the sudden shift. He looked at Fitz with something between **disbelief and amusement.**

Then, with a **small shrug**, he pointed down a side street.

KARIM *(casual, like this was a normal evening now)*
"Go past the square, second left, keep walking until you smell onions. Best in the city."

Fitz nodded approvingly.

Then, in the same **flat, pleasant tone**, he **tilted his head slightly.**

FITZ *(calm, polite, but final)*
"Care to join us?"

Karim **exhaled through his nose**, shaking his head **as if he couldn't quite believe this turn of events.**

Then, **he grinned.**

KARIM *(lightly, with a smirk)*
"Sure. Come with me."

David, **still holding the Beretta**, stared between the two men, then exhaled sharply, running a hand over his face.

DAVID *(dry, incredulous)*
"Oh, so our **assailant** is our **tour guide now?**"

Fitz **clapped him on the back, grinning.**

FITZ *(smirking, stepping forward)*
"Lad, welcome to the **British way.**"

David sighed. **Unbelievable.**

But his stomach grumbled.

So, still gripping the gun, **he followed.**

[EXT. GENOVA – SMALL PANETTERIA IN THE VICOLI – NIGHT]

The **focaccia con le cipolle** was still **steaming**, pulled **fresh from the oven**, its scent filling the tight alley with the unmistakable **sweetness of caramelized onions and olive oil.**

They ate **standing outside**, leaning against the worn stone walls, the sounds of the *vicoli*—late-night chatter, the occasional motorbike, the rustling of someone closing up shop—**buzzing around them.**

And slowly, **Karim started chatting.**

Not about **terrorism**, not about **networks or smuggling or bombs**, but about **normal things**.

- **Who controlled what streets in Genova's underworld.**
- **Who owed who money.**

- Which cops to bribe and which ones to avoid.
- The best bar for an espresso that wasn't tourist garbage.
- A long, gossipy story about a guy who tried to rob a place only to get locked inside by accident.

The walls came down.

Karim felt like he could talk freely, like he was just a guy having late-night focaccia with two British strangers.

He laughed, made jokes, even poked fun at David's stiff demeanor, which earned a snort from Fitz.

Fitz, for his part, played along perfectly.

He laughed, nudged Karim with his elbow, teased him back—his whole demeanor was that

of **an old traveler**, someone who **collected stories, not secrets.**

But David **noticed something.**

At first, he was **too busy eating**, too focused on the warm bread, the crunch of the golden crust, the way the onions melted into the dough.

Then, **it hit him.**

Fitz wasn't just **listening.**

He was registering.

Every name Karim dropped.
Every **insignificant** detail that wasn't so insignificant.
Every joke that carried **just a little too much truth** underneath.

And **he did it effortlessly.**

David, still chewing, blinked and looked at Fitz, who had just **laughed at another one of Karim's stories**, his hand gesturing like he was **just another guy enjoying the night.**

But David **saw it now.**

The **wheels turning in Fitz's head.**

The **cataloging. The mental filing. The subtle extraction of information without Karim ever realizing.**

David swallowed, still watching Fitz.

Jesus.

This man was **terrifying.**

[EXT. GENOVA – PIAZZA DI BANCHI – DAY]

The square hummed with life, a blend of locals, tourists, and those who existed somewhere in between. Piazza di Banchi was a place of transit, commerce, and quiet deals, where history loomed above in Renaissance facades, and the present buzzed below in the movement of people.

Fitz and David sat casually on the worn stone staircase of San Pietro in Banchi, leaning against the old church walls like two men with nowhere urgent to be.

They were dressed like travelers, blending into the city's rhythm—comfortable jumpers, scuffed trainers, neutral, forgettable.

Between them, a paper cone filled with totani fritti, still hot from the oil, crispy, golden, the

scent mingling with the **salt air drifting up from the harbor.**

They ate **without hurry**, the occasional **crunch of fried squid** punctuating their conversation.

FITZ *(idly, as if discussing something of no consequence)*
"Naples has better coffee, but their *friggitorie* don't hold a candle to this."

David **chewed, swallowed**, nodding as if this was a completely rational conversation.

DAVID *(considering, playing along)*
"Rome has the best *supplì* though."

Fitz gave a **grudging nod of approval**, popping another piece of fried squid into his mouth.

FITZ *(musing, tapping his chin)*
"Florence?"

DAVID *(flat, unimpressed)*
"Overrated."

Fitz **chuckled**, taking a sip from a **cheap plastic cup of white wine**, shaking his head like he had just heard someone commit culinary blasphemy.

But their **words were just noise.**

Their real work was in their **eyes.**

Observing.

Piazza di Banchi was a **natural choke point**, where the **harbor met the city**, where merchants, hustlers, and deal-makers had **woven centuries of commerce and crime** into the very fabric of the place.

Tourists with **maps and cameras**, taking pictures of **the Loggia della Mercanzia**. Locals **rushing past**, too busy with life to notice

anything.

Men in **knockoff designer tracksuits**, leaning against walls, **waiting.**

A **street vendor selling counterfeit bags**, **watching more than he was selling.**

A **few familiar faces** from Karim's casual gossip last night, talking in low tones.

Everything **casual. Everything normal.**

And yet, **Fitz and David watched.**

Waiting for the unusual.

[INT. RESIDENTIAL BUILDING – GENOVA – DAY]

The **second window on the right, third floor**, **finally opened**.

It was the **only one** that hadn't in the **last three days**.

That was all they needed.

Fitz and David **exchanged a glance**, their casual **banter about Italian street food disappearing instantly.**

They stood, **dusted the crumbs off their clothes**, and **walked straight to the building's door.**

No hesitation. No sneaking. Just **direct confidence.**

David reached for the **intercom panel** and, with the enthusiasm of an impatient delivery man, **pressed every button at once.**

A few annoyed voices crackled over the speaker, **swearing in Genovese dialect.**

Then—**a buzz.**

David pushed the door open, and they slipped inside, **closing it firmly behind them.**

The building smelled of old wood, dust, and fried food. They took the stairs like men who belonged there, moving briskly but unhurried, climbing toward the third floor.

They knew which door.

David reached it first, pressing the bell with the polite patience of a man here on business.

The door opened.

An elegant Indian woman stood there, draped in a deep red sari, her posture straight, composed, her gaze assessing.

She said nothing at first.

David smiled pleasantly.

DAVID *(smooth, polite, just enough charm)*
"We are here for the roses."

A pause.

She arched a **perfectly shaped eyebrow.**

INDIAN WOMAN *(cool, unreadable)*
"For you?"

David, **without missing a beat**, gestured behind him toward Fitz.

DAVID *(matter-of-fact, with just enough theatrical sympathy)*
"For *Daddy*. Mother left him a long time ago. He doesn't even remember the touch of a woman."

A flicker of **something amused and calculating** passed through the woman's eyes.

Her gaze **scanned Fitz head to toe**, lingering on his **weathered face, his sharp eyes, the way he stood too still, too comfortable, too dangerous.**

Finally, she exhaled through her nose.

INDIAN WOMAN *(after a beat, stepping aside)*

“Enter.”

David smiled.

Fitz, **utterly unbothered**, strolled in like he owned the place.

The door **clicked shut behind them.**

[INT. ELEGANT APARTMENT – GENOVA – DAY]

The **door clicked shut**, sealing them inside an apartment that smelled of **incense, expensive fabric, and hidden conversations.**

The Indian woman took a step back, her posture still **composed**, but her eyes **assessing.**

INDIAN WOMAN *(calm, poised)*

"I'll call the girls."

Fitz, however, had **other ideas.**

Instead of waiting, he **moved smoothly**, stepping forward with the kind of **measured charm that had outlived empires**.

He reached out **gently**, taking **her hand** in his.

A simple gesture. **Light, unforced.**

Intentional.

She glanced down, **her dark eyes flicking to their joined hands**, then **back up at him.**

Fitz smiled—**not his usual smirk, not the dangerous curve of amusement, but something slower, deeper.**

A look that **suggested possibilities.**

The kind of **smile that had once changed borders.**

The woman's lips parted slightly, then curved into a **knowing, sensual smile.**

INDIAN WOMAN *(low, teasing, intrigued)*
"Do you want to **occupy India** again, British man?"

David, watching from behind, **choked on absolutely nothing.**

Fitz, utterly composed, **tilted his head slightly**, still holding her hand.

FITZ *(smooth, effortless)*
"Not at all, love. We learned our lesson last time."

A pause.

Then, still holding Fitz's gaze, she **leaned in slightly**, her voice dropping **just enough to be dangerous.**

INDIAN WOMAN *(soft, purring)*
"Did you?"

David considered **jumping out of the nearest window.**

[INT. ELEGANT APARTMENT – GENOVA – DAY]

The **Indian woman moved gracefully**, settling onto the **luxurious sofa**, her sari draping elegantly over her legs.

She **patted the space beside her**, an unspoken **invitation.**

Fitz, ever the gentleman, sat **beside her**, still holding **her hand**, his fingers **brushing along her palm** with a slow, **deliberate touch**.

It was **a gesture older than words**, a touch that meant **only one thing**, understood **in every corner of the world.**

She **watched him**, intrigued, waiting.

Fitz leaned in slightly, his voice **dropping to a whisper**, his breath warm against her skin.

And then, he said it.

A **name. A place.**

A single location.

A place that had **come up in conversation before—casually, almost meaninglessly**, when Karim had been **talking over focaccia.**

It should have meant **nothing.**

But it meant **something.**

Because **she reacted instantly.**

Her eyes **flashed wide** for a fraction of a second—**too quick for most to notice, but Fitz noticed.**

Then, in an instant, she **sprang up**, her elegance **shattered by urgency**, her body moving with **pure instinct.**

She **snatched a cushion from the sofa** and, without thinking, **hurled it straight at David's face.**

The impact was **soft, but undignified**, sending a small puff of fabric dust into the air as David **stumbled back, startled.**

DAVID *(muffled, from behind the cushion)*
"What the f—?"

But she was already **running.**

Straight to the door.

Fingers **grasping the handle, yanking it open, preparing to bolt—**

And there stood Karim.

His **expression unreadable**, but his posture **wasn't.**

He had been **listening. Waiting. Following.**

The woman **froze.**

Her breath **hitched.**

For the first time, Fitz **smiled.**

A real, **satisfied** smile.

Because **this was checkmate.**

[INT. ELEGANT APARTMENT – GENOVA – DAY]

The moment **hung heavy in the air.**

The **Indian woman stood frozen**, her breath **shallow**, her mind **racing**.

In the doorway, **Karim stood like a silent verdict**, his expression unreadable, but his **presence absolute**.

Fitz, still **seated comfortably**, **gestured subtly** toward Karim.

A simple flick of the wrist, nothing **commanding**, just a quiet, **undeniable suggestion.**

Bring her back in.

Karim understood.

Without a word, he stepped inside, gently but **firmly** guiding her **back into the room.**

David, finally recovering from the **surprise cushion attack**, took the **cue.**

He reached for the **door**, shut it, and turned the **lock**.

Then, he **spat out fabric threads**, rubbing his face like a man who had just **fought a pillow and lost.**

DAVID *(grumbling, muttering to himself)*
"Bloody decorative throw pillows… hazard to national security…"

Fitz, utterly unfazed, still **hadn't moved.**

He remained **seated on the sofa**, his expression **calm, patient.**

Then, with the same quiet, **undeniable authority**, he did what she had done before.

He patted the empty space beside him.

Gently. **Inviting.**

A silent **mirror of what she had done to him.**

A simple gesture, but **this time, the meaning had changed.**

This wasn't **flirting.**

This wasn't **charm.**

This was **a request. A demand. A moment of surrender.**

She hesitated, glancing at **David, at Karim, at the locked door**.

Then, slowly, she **exhaled.**

And she **sat.**

Fitz **smiled.**

[INT. ELEGANT APARTMENT – GENOVA – DAY]

The **room grew heavy** with the weight of her words.

David sat **rigid**, arms folded, his face **impassive**—but his grip on his own sleeve **tightened** as she spoke.

Fitz listened, **silent, still**, his gaze steady but unreadable.

And **what they heard…**

…made the idea of **not sending Bruce Willis up** to stop the asteroid sound **more and more appealing.**

She **told them everything.**

The place **Fitz had whispered**—the one Karim had unknowingly confirmed over focaccia—was where she had **last seen him.**

The **man who lived with her.**

A Romanian.

Younger than her.

"My fawn," she called him.

A boy **who never stood a chance.**

She **described what they made him do.**

Not in **explicit detail**—but enough.

Enough to make **David's stomach churn.**

Enough to make **Fitz's gaze go a shade darker.**

He had **called her crying.**

Sobbing.

Describing **what they forced him to do. What they made him be.**

But, through the tears, he had **promised her.**

"One last job."

"One more."

"And then they'll let me go."

"One more and I come home."

It was **always one more.**

And then—

He never called again.

The room **sat in silence** for a long moment after that.

The only sound was the **distant hum of the city outside**.

David stared at the floor, then at Fitz.

Fitz **exhaled through his nose.**

FITZ *(low, quiet, unreadable)*
"Well then."

David swallowed.

DAVID *(mutters, voice dry but heavy)*
"Guess we're going to find out what 'one more' was."

[INT. ELEGANT APARTMENT – GENOVA – DAY]

The silence in the room was **thick**, pressing down like the weight of the stories she had just **unburdened.**

Her **shoulders trembled**, but she didn't sob. Not like the **Romanian boy had**.

She was past that.

Past grief. Past anger.

She was left with **emptiness.**

Then, **Fitz moved.**

Slowly. Deliberately. Gently.

He reached out and **took her hand again.**

Like before—**soft, without force.**

Not in **control, not in demand, not in manipulation.**

Just **human.**

A simple touch that **wasn't about desire, wasn't about information, wasn't about leverage.**

Just **contact.**

David **watched**.

He had spent **this entire time questioning** whether Fitz was even **human**—this **calm, detached, coldly efficient man**, who could **cut out kneecaps without blinking**, who could **charm a room while extracting intelligence**, who could **turn an assassin into a dinner companion over focaccia.**

But now…

Now, Fitz wasn't **an operative.**

He wasn't **a ghost of MI6.**

He wasn't **an old killer playing his last games.**

He was just **a man.**

A man who understood **loss, pain, loneliness**—the kind that couldn't be **fixed, couldn't be avenged, couldn't be drowned in whiskey or hidden behind bravado.**

She looked down at their **clasped hands**, as if trying to **remember what warmth felt like.**

Then, she looked up.

Her **eyes met Fitz's.**

And for the first time in **a long, long time**, she **smiled.**

And **cried.**

David let out a **slow breath**, rubbing the back of his neck, suddenly feeling like a man **watching something he shouldn't intrude on.**

The world was **ugly.**

It had always been ugly.

But in that moment, in that **quiet apartment in Genova**, the ugliest thing in the world had met **the simplest, purest thing in the world.**

Human kindness.

[INT. ELEGANT APARTMENT – GENOVA – DAY]

She was still **smiling through her tears**, her fingers still lightly curled around **Fitz's hand**, when he reached into his pocket.

Casually. Like a man retrieving a pack of cigarettes.

And then he **pulled out a handkerchief**—neatly folded, **pristine white linen.**

He handed it to her, still calm, still warm.

FITZ *(softly, almost comforting)*
"This, love, happens to those who cross me."

She blinked, her brows knitting together as she unfolded it.

Inside was a **small, white disc.**

Smooth. **Bone-white.**

At first, it looked like **a stone**—polished by time, a simple keepsake.

But it was **lighter.**

And then—**somehow, deep inside, she understood.**

Her breath **hitched.**

David, however, did **not understand.**

He **leaned in**, staring at the thing **in her palm**, turning it over in his mind.

DAVID *(frowning, clueless)*
"What…?"

A pause.

Then **realization hit him like a freight train.**

His eyes **snapped to Fitz.**

Then back to the **thing.**

Then back to Fitz.

Then back to the thing.

Then, finally, the words just **fell out of him.**

DAVID *(horrified, whispering, reverent all at once)*
"Holiest **fuck** of any **fuck** ever **holied.**"

His voice **dropped even lower.**

DAVID *(still staring at it, slowly shaking his head)*
"He **kept one.**"

Fitz just **smiled.**

Didn't say a word.

[INT. ELEGANT APARTMENT – GENOVA – DAY]

She held the **rotula** in her palm for a long moment, **weighing it**, **understanding it**, before her eyes drifted back to **Fitz.**

Then, slowly, **deliberately**, she reached for his **hand.**

Fitz didn't resist.

He let her **take it**, let her **turn it over**, let her **study it**—not like **a hand**, not like **flesh and bone**, but like **a tool.**

A tool of **pure, sheer cruelty.**

She traced along the **knuckles**, the **tendons**, the **callouses that had outlived entire governments**.

David watched, his **mind struggling to process what he was witnessing**.

She was **examining Fitz** like an **artifact**, a **weapon**, a thing **honed through decades of merciless precision**.

Then, something **changed.**

Her fingers stilled.

And when she looked up at him again—**her eyes burned.**

Sensual. **Sexual.**

Not for **love**, not for **romance**, but for something **primal.**

For **violence.**

For **power.**

Her lips **parted slightly**, her breath hitching just enough to **give herself away**.

INDIAN WOMAN *(soft, admiring, exhaling the words like a prayer)*
"Cruel."

Her grip on his **hand tightened.**

INDIAN WOMAN *(breathless, reverent)*
"Relentless. Pitiless."

A slow, deliberate pause.

Then, the final word.

INDIAN WOMAN *(eyes dark, full of fire, a whisper that burned)*
"…*British.*"

Fitz **smirked**, his thumb **brushing lazily** over her fingers.

David, **watching all this**, exhaled sharply, rubbing his **temples like a man who desperately needed another drink.**

DAVID *(muttering to himself, almost pleading to the universe)*

"This is… *not* in the bloody field manual."

[INT. ELEGANT APARTMENT – GENOVA – DAY]

She stood, her grip still firm on Fitz's hand, and pulled him up with her.

Fitz, ever the gentleman-killer, let her.

David and Karim exchanged a glance, both equally puzzled but knowing better than to intervene.

She led Fitz to a door, pushing it open to reveal a long corridor.

Seven doors on the sides.

One door at the very end.

Without hesitation, she pushed Fitz toward it.

And as she did—**the other doors cracked open.**

From **every single one**, a **woman's head popped out**, observing the scene like **curious cats**, their expressions **a mix of amusement, intrigue, and silent commentary.**

Fitz, to his credit, didn't even **flinch.**

She smiled at him **one last time**, sultry, dangerous, amused.

INDIAN WOMAN *(low, teasing, a final declaration)*
"Enjoy the girls, **it's on the house.**"

Then—**she shoved him inside.**

And **slammed the door.**

Silence.

David and Karim stared at the **now-closed door**, then at each other.

A long pause.

Then Karim exhaled, rubbing his jaw.

KARIM *(blinking, processing, casual shrug)*
"Well, since it's on the house…"

David, still **standing in place, still trying to comprehend reality**, **ran a hand down his face.**

Then, **exhaling sharply**, he **shrugged too.**

DAVID *(resigned, following Karim's lead)*
"…Might as well."

And with that, they **stepped into the corridor.**

[INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM – GENOVA – NIGHT]

David lay sprawled across **luxurious silk sheets**, a tangle of **limbs, perfume, and warm skin** wrapped around him.

Three women. **Three.**

That was **more** than the **total number of girls** who had ever shared his bed in his **entire life.**

By all logic, he should have been **fully immersed in the moment.**

But he wasn't.

Because from the **room at the end of the corridor**…

They **weren't helping.**

At first, it was just **muffled noises**—the kind of sounds you'd expect from **an expensive establishment catering to its clientele**.

But then…

Then came the **dialogue.**

And it was **filthy.**

Not just **filthy**—it was **legendary filth.**

Filth that could make **Asa Akira blush**.

Filth that **should be preserved in the National Archives** under *Cultural Heritage of the United Kingdom.*

David clenched his jaw, **trying, really trying,** to stay **focused** on the **here and now**—on the **three sets of lips** currently **dedicating themselves to the service of Her Majesty's Forces**.

But then he heard it.

Loud. Clear.

FEMALE VOICE FROM FITZ'S ROOM
(gasping, moaning, completely lost to the moment)
*"Plant your **Union Jack** in my **Taj Mahal!**"*

David **lost it.**

His entire body **seized up**, his brain **derailed off the track**, and all arousal was immediately **sent into full retreat.**

The **three women** around him **paused**, blinking at his sudden rigidity.

David exhaled **hard**, pressed the heels of his palms into his **temples**, and muttered **through gritted teeth**:

DAVID *(desperate, begging, borderline pleading with reality itself)*

"For the love of God, someone put on some loud techno!"

One of the girls laughed—full-bodied, rich with amusement—and reached over to a small Bluetooth speaker on the nightstand.

A second later, thumping, mind-melting bass filled the room, drowning out all British imperialist declarations in the next room.

David collapsed back against the pillows, staring at the ceiling, exhaling deeply.

This was not in the bloody field manual.

[INT. BROTHEL KITCHEN – GENOVA – MORNING]

The **morning after** was surprisingly **pleasant**.

David and Karim sat at the **kitchen table**, surrounded by **laughter, fresh pastries, and espresso so strong it could bring the dead back to life.**

The girls, now **dressed in comfortable silk robes**, were **chatting, teasing**, treating them **not as clients, but as old friends**.

The air was **light, warm, filled with camaraderie**.

Then—

She appeared.

The **Indian lady limped into the kitchen** like a **survivor of war**, one hand bracing against the

wall, the other barely managing to **keep her robe closed.**

Her **hair?** An **Einstein-level disaster.**

Her **makeup?** Shifted **halfway up her face, smeared, as if it had physically tried to escape.**

Her **posture? Hunched, limping, unable to fully close her legs.**

Her **breathing? Labored.**

She stumbled, barely making it to the **doorframe**, where she **collapsed against it**, gasping for air.

The room **went silent.**

Then—

The girls clapped.

A few **cheered**. Others leaned forward in **giddy excitement**.

GIRLS *(laughing, teasing, thrilled)*
"Tell us! Tell us *everything!*"

The **Indian woman** barely **lifted a hand**, too exhausted for words.

Instead, she made a **gesture.**

A **cylindrical shape** in the air—indicating **diameter and height**—as if the others needed to **calculate the volume.**

The **girls gasped.**

One of them **covered her mouth in shock.**

Another whispered something **in Italian that sounded religious.**

The **Indian woman** weakly **waved them off**, as if she had **seen things beyond mortal comprehension** and could not discuss them yet.

Instead, she **limped** to the **freezer**, opened it, pulled out a **bag of frozen peas**, and **placed it carefully on a chair**.

Then, with the **slow, painful precision of a soldier lowering himself onto a battlefield wound**, she **sat on it.**

A long, deep **sigh of relief** escaped her lips.

David, who had been **mid-sip of espresso**, slowly **put his cup down**.

Karim, who had been **halfway through a pastry**, just **stared at his plate** as if reconsidering everything.

The room sat in **awed silence.**

Then—

From the hallway, **a familiar voice, crisp and composed**:

FITZ *(calm, nonchalant, as if asking about the weather)*
"Tea, anyone?"

David closed his eyes and muttered into his hands.

DAVID *(low, resigned to fate)*
"I am never recovering from this."

[EXT. BEER GARDEN – TIMIȘOARA – EARLY AFTERNOON]

The **beer garden** was shaded by **old chestnut trees**, the scent of **grilled meat, fresh bread, and the lingering crispness of beer** thick in the warm afternoon air.

David and Fitz sat at a **wooden table**, plates of **covrigi** in front of them, glasses of **beer and pálinka** already half-drained.

Fitz, ever the **raconteur**, leaned back in his chair, stretching his legs, looking utterly at ease.

FITZ *(gesturing vaguely at their surroundings, sipping his beer)*
"Lad, can you imagine… last time I was in this town, my accompanying lady made me eat **Chinese**?"

David, still processing **the events of Genova**, didn't even bother looking up.

DAVID *(flat, dry, vaguely haunted)*
"Sir, I am **still processing** that you are a **human being.**"

Fitz **chuckled**, taking another sip of pálinka, then setting the glass down.

FITZ *(casual, nostalgic)*
"Anka was her name. **Ate raw spring onions.** Horrible breath."

David took a **bite of covrig**, immediately regretting it.

FITZ *(matter-of-factly, as if discussing the weather)*
"Loved anal, though."

David **froze mid-chew.**

A **beat of silence.**

David set his food down **very, very carefully**.

DAVID *(deadpan, pleading with the universe)*
"Sir, definitely **TMI.**"

Fitz just **smirked**, his eyes glinting with pure mischief.

Then he leaned in slightly, lowering his voice.

FITZ *(mock-serious, smug as hell)*
"Oh yeah? Then next time, lad, **think twice** before calling me *daddy*…"

A **pause.**

Then, smoothly, delivering the final blow with the precision of a **seasoned assassin**:

FITZ *(raising his glass, taking a slow sip, almost wistful)*
"…**wife long gone**…"

David sat back.

Stared at **nothing.**

Contemplated **every single choice in his life** that had led to this moment.

Then, with **a deep, weary sigh**, he grabbed the **pálinka** and **downed it in one go.**

Fitz, utterly **pleased with himself**, simply **patted his shoulder.**

[EXT. BEER GARDEN – TIMIȘOARA – EARLY AFTERNOON]

The **peaceful afternoon** was interrupted by the distinct, **throaty rumble** of an **old-school Italian engine** pulling up to the curb.

A **Lancia Thema**, in all its **boxy 1980s glory**, gleamed under the sun, its **faded Italian license plate** proudly displaying an **acronym from Bergamo.**

The driver's side door **swung open**, and out stepped **Karim**, grinning like a man who had just **won the lottery**.

Fitz set down his **beer**, adjusting his **jacket**, and eyed the car with the kind of **mild disgust normally reserved for politicians and soggy toast.**

FITZ *(deadpan, unimpressed)*
"I hope you at least **stole it.**"

Karim frowned, looking genuinely **offended**.

KARIM *(indignant, holding up an envelope)*
"What? **No, I bought it legally!** Here's the papers."

David, who had just taken a **sip of pálinka**, nearly **choked.**

He stared at the **car**, then at Karim, then at Fitz, then **back at the car.**

Then exhaled.

DAVID *(flat, resigned, gesturing vaguely at the Lancia)*
"Karim… that thing never left Italy legally."

Karim hesitated.

Looked at the car.

Looked at the envelope in his hand.

Then at Fitz, who was now rubbing his temples like a man experiencing second-hand stupidity at a molecular level.

FITZ *(exhaling, shaking his head, muttering to himself)*
"Karim, how did you survive on the streets without us puzzles me."

Karim simply shrugged, smirking as he tapped the hood of the Lancia.

KARIM *(grinning, defensive)*

"Well, now I have a car! **Classic Italian luxury!**"

David and Fitz **exchanged a glance.**

Then, as if in **perfect unison**, they both took a **very long sip of alcohol.**

[EXT. OPEN MEADOW – EDGE OF A FOREST – LATE AFTERNOON]

The Lancia Thema was parked in the shade of a lone tree, its faded Italian plates glinting in the soft afternoon light. The meadow stretched open before them, bordered by the dark outline of a dense forest.

Fitz stood calmly, as if he had all the time in the world.

Then, in that uncanny way of his, he made guns appear from nowhere.

Two Glock 17s—like he had just pulled them out of thin air.

Without ceremony, he handed one to each of them.

David took his with a familiar ease, the weight settling naturally in his grip.

Karim took his with **a bit more hesitation**, rolling his shoulders as if **loosening up for something he wasn't sure about.**

Fitz didn't bother explaining.

Didn't give them a chance to ask questions.

He simply **pointed ahead**, toward a **tree in the distance**—a **large one**, its trunk **split into two distinct halves.**

FITZ *(calm, instructive, effortless authority)*
"Tree. Divided trunk. **You: right. You: left.**"

A beat.

Then—**the order.**

FITZ *(flat, absolute)*
"**Empty the magazine.**"

No hesitation.

No discussion.

Just **do it.**

David **stepped forward first**, squared his stance, raised the Glock, and **opened fire.**

Karim, a second behind, did the same.

The quiet **meadow erupted** in the sharp, mechanical rhythm of **9mm fire.**

Brass **ejected**, catching the sunlight as it **fell to the grass.**

The **tree bark splintered**—the left and right halves of the trunk **disintegrating under controlled bursts.**

Magazine empty, David lowered his gun **instinctively**, scanning his side.

Karim took a **moment longer**, his last shots **a little less controlled**.

Then—**silence.**

The smoke curled **lazily from the barrels**.

The sound of **spent casings settling in the grass.**

Fitz, unfazed, **walked toward the tree.**

Inspecting. Measuring. Calculating.

He didn't need to say anything yet.

The **evaluation was already happening.**

[EXT. OPEN MEADOW – EDGE OF A FOREST – LATE AFTERNOON]

The last **traces of gun smoke** drifted through the warm afternoon air as Fitz **strode toward the tree**, his hands casually resting behind his back.

David and Karim followed, the weight of the **Glocks still in their hands**, their steps crunching softly over the grass.

Fitz **stopped**, inspecting the **bullet-riddled bark** with the sharp, analytical gaze of a man who had **measured death his entire life.**

Then, he gestured for them to step closer.

FITZ *(calm, assessing, a hint of approval in his tone)*
"Lads, come here."

David, **already critiquing his own work in his head**, observed the pattern of his **shots.**

His **spread was tight—precise, methodical, controlled.**

Seventeen holes.

All within the **span of a handprint.**

Fitz **nodded at it**, but his attention shifted to Karim's side.

That's when he **paused.**

FITZ *(curious, intrigued)*

"Karim, do you have any **weapon training**?"

Karim **shrugged**, rolling his shoulders.

KARIM *(casual, unconcerned)*

"Nothing more than **funfair target shooting.**"

Fitz smirked, shaking his head.

Then he pointed.

FITZ *(low, approving, with the weight of something significant)*

"Well, lad… you're a **natural.** Look."

Karim **frowned**, leaning in.

His **side of the tree had only nine holes.**

His expression **twisted in confusion.**

KARIM *(blinking, confused)*

"I **missed half.**"

Fitz's smirk **deepened**, his head tilting slightly.

FITZ *(correcting, impressed)*
"No, lad. You **put two slugs one behind the other** every time."

Karim **froze.**

Fitz gestured, tapping his **own ear.**

FITZ *(explaining, casually dropping a bombshell)*
"I heard your shooting. David did **bang, bang, bang.**"

He turned to Karim, tapping his **finger against the tree trunk, mimicking the rhythm.**

FITZ *(slow, precise)*
"You did **bang-bang, bang-bang.**"

A pause.

Then Fitz **looked directly at Karim, eyes sharp.**

FITZ *(flat, absolute, like stating a fact of nature)*
"That's special forces stuff."

Karim stared at the tree.

Then at his own hands.

Then back at Fitz.

KARIM *(after a beat, smirking, shaking his head)*
"Well, Mummy always said I was special."

Fitz chuckled, clapping Karim on the back.

David just exhaled and muttered to himself, realizing his life had somehow become even weirder.

[EXT. OPEN MEADOW – EDGE OF A FOREST – LATE AFTERNOON]

Karim, still **processing the revelation** that he had somehow been **shooting like a professional killer his entire life without knowing it**, turned to Fitz with a **grin full of bravado and curiosity.**

KARIM *(half-joking, half-serious, still high on the moment)*
"Sir, can we see you in action now?"

The words had barely **left his mouth** when a **chill** ran down his spine.

A sudden, **deep, instinctive fear.**

Like a **prey animal realizing too late** that it had just **asked the lion to roar.**

Fitz's **expression didn't change.**

He just **turned his head slowly**, his sharp, **cold blue gaze** settling on Karim like a weight.

David, already a step ahead in **understanding what had just been unleashed**, simply sighed and took a **half-step back.**

Karim swallowed.

No—**he didn't want to see that.**

Not really.

He was suddenly **terrified** of what he would **have to forget** afterward.

Fitz, still staring at him, finally **smirked**—but it wasn't the usual **playful, amused** smirk.

This one was **different.**

Sharper.

FITZ *(low, almost entertained)*
"You sure about that, lad?"

Karim hesitated.

Opened his mouth.

Closed it.

Then, **very slowly**, took a step back.

KARIM *(shaking his head, nervous chuckle, hands up in surrender)*
"Actually… you know what? **Forget I said anything.**"

Fitz chuckled, shaking his head as if he had expected as much.

David **exhaled, relieved**, muttering as he rubbed his temples.

DAVID *(low, dry, mostly to himself)*
"Smartest thing he's said all day."

[EXT. CRAWLSPACE BENEATH A CASA BĂTRÂNEASCĂ – NIGHT]

The night was pitch black, the moon hidden behind clouds, casting the crawlspace under the casa bătrânească into deeper shadow.

The air was stale, filled with the scent of earth, damp wood, and something faintly metallic.

Fitz crouched in the narrow space, his posture relaxed yet precise, as though he could have been standing in a ballroom instead of hunched under the rotting beams of an old farmhouse.

He was gesturing.

Special forces hand signals—sharp, deliberate, the language of ghosts.

- Point. Two fingers forward. Pause. Open hand. Move.
- Clenched fist. Stop.

- Palm flat. Down. Hold position.

He moved with **absolute conviction**, fully convinced that his team was following him, **reading his commands like a book.**

Behind him, **David and Karim crouched awkwardly**, trying to **make sense of the silent flurry of orders.**

David, to his credit, had at least studied **"move, stop, advance, retreat"** during **basic training** at the academy.

But beyond that?

The signals Fitz was throwing around could have been **interpretive dance** for all he understood.

He squinted into the dark, trying to **decipher the gestures**, his **military pride slowly disintegrating**.

Karim, meanwhile, sat **motionless**, staring at Fitz with an expression that was less confusion and more **existential crisis.**

The rapid, precise movements reminded him, inexplicably, of his **death-mute niece**—how long it had taken her to **express simple ideas**, how **frustrating** and **alienating** the silence could be.

And suddenly, in the middle of the **crawlspace under a collapsing farmhouse**, Karim's mind wandered.

"When was the last time I visited her?"

A **sharp gesture** from Fitz brought both men back to the present.

David stiffened, trying to **look competent**.

Karim blinked, realizing he had missed… whatever the hell Fitz had just signaled.

Fitz glanced back at them, his **expression sharp, questioning.**

FITZ *(low, whispering, deadly serious)*
“You got that?”

David and Karim exchanged **helpless looks**.

Finally, Karim sighed, his voice barely above a whisper.

KARIM *(quiet, muttering)*
"Not a clue."

David nodded **grimly in agreement**, his pride now entirely forgotten.

Fitz stared at them for a long moment, his face completely blank.

Then, **without a word**, he turned back, his hand flicking through a **simple, universal gesture** that even they couldn’t miss.

FITZ *(hand signal: "Stay here.")*

David and Karim both exhaled.

And stayed **very still.**

[INT. CRAWLSPACE – BENEATH CASA BĂTRÂNEASCĂ – NIGHT]

The **air was thick with silence**, the kind that meant **something was about to happen.**

David and Karim stayed **motionless**, crouched in the damp crawlspace, listening.

Above them—**movement.**

Soft, careful **steps**, a door **easing open**, hushed **whispers**, and then…

The sound of **feet trying not to make noise.**

Karim exhaled **slowly**, his muscles tensing.

Then—

A **grunt.**

A **snap.**

A **thud.**

Then, in the stillness, **the unmistakable sound of suppressed gunfire.**

Pop-pop. Pop-pop.

Short. Precise. **Executed without hesitation.**

Karim's lips curled into a **small, involuntary smile.**

"Bang-bang, bang-bang."

His mind flashed back to **the tree in the meadow**, to **Fitz's voice telling him he was a natural.**

And now, in the **darkness of the crawlspace**, he understood.

Above them—**another thud.**

Then, something **heavy collapsed right above them.**

A slow **drip** followed.

A **thin trickle of blood** leaked through the **old wooden planks**, dripping down in **thick, warm beads** onto the dirt next to Karim's boot.

Then—**two loud bangs.**

A boot, **stomping twice against the floor.**

A command.

"Come up now."

David and Karim **looked at each other.**

Neither spoke.

Then, almost at the same time, they both **moved.**

[INT. CASA BĂTRÂNEASCĂ – NIGHT]

David and Karim emerged from the crawlspace, stepping into the dimly lit interior of the house.

The place smelled of old wood, dust, and fresh death.

A body lay sprawled across the wooden floor, limp, its neck at an angle that nature did not allow. Another was slumped against a rickety wooden chair, a small, precise hole in the forehead, the blood seeping into the floorboards.

Fitz stood in the center of the room, calm, collected, and unbothered, as if this were a routine matter of housekeeping.

He gestured with two fingers, pointing at each of them in turn.

FITZ *(cool, efficient, absolute)*
"You **remove bodies.**" *(pointing at Karim)*
"You **clean.**" *(pointing at David)*

A beat of **silence.**

David stared at **Fitz**, then at the **pool of blood** creeping toward his boots.

DAVID *(flat, exhausted, muttering to himself)*
"Of course I do."

Karim, meanwhile, exhaled **deeply**, rolling his shoulders, then glanced down at the **nearest corpse.**

KARIM *(grumbling, shaking his head)*
"I swear I used to have a normal life."

Fitz clapped his hands once, **as if this were just another chore list.**

FITZ *(pleasantly, as if assigning homework)*
"Well, lads—**chop chop.**"

[INT. CASA BĂTRÂNEASCĂ – NIGHT]

David and Karim **moved to their assigned tasks**, but as they did, their eyes were drawn to the **piles of material** stacked haphazardly around the room.

Not **neatly arranged** like a proper cache—just **shoved into corners, piled against walls, occupying every available space.**

Crates. Bags. Boxes. **Different sizes, different origins.**

It was **chaotic**, but not **random**.

Karim, still gripping the **legs of a dead man**, frowned at the sheer **volume of it all.**

Even he could tell—**these weren't weapons.**

Too many **containers, too much variety.**

He glanced at David, whispering.

KARIM *(curious, wary)*
"Drugs?"

David, wiping **blood off the floor with a rag**, shook his head.

Then, **instead of answering**, he grabbed the **nearest box**, pried it open, and turned it toward Karim.

Inside—**electronics.**

Flat components. Stacks of **delicate circuit boards** wrapped in protective foam. Metal frames for **mounting or stacking.**

Karim **stared**, his brow furrowing deeper.

KARIM *(confused, glancing around the house again)*
"Okay… not drugs. **What the hell is this, then?**"

David didn't answer.

Instead, he moved to a **larger wooden crate**, pried it open with the **butt of his Glock**, and peered inside.

Then he exhaled, nodding for Karim to look.

Karim leaned in.

PC fans.

Stacks upon stacks of **cooling systems**, neatly arranged, **hundreds of them**.

His stomach **twisted** with unease.

Electronics. Cooling systems. Stacking frames.

This wasn't **drugs.**
This wasn't **weapons.**

This was something **else.**

And whatever it was—**it was big.**

[INT. CASA BĂTRÂNEASCĂ – NIGHT]

Karim's **brows furrowed deeper**, his brain struggling to connect the dots.

David, however, was already **there.**

He stared at the **PC fans, the stacks of cooling systems, the neatly organized electronics**, his mind running through the implications.

Then he muttered, almost **to himself**:

DAVID *(low, realizing, calculating)*
"Data mining."

Karim blinked.

KARIM *(still lost)*
"…What?"

David stood, wiping the **sweat off his forehead**, then gestured toward the **piles of tech** around them.

DAVID *(sharper, breaking it down)*
"Crypto mining, Karim. With what's in here, you could mine **every cryptocurrency on the market**—Bitcoin, Ethereum, Monero, whatever the hell is trending—at the **rate they're being generated.**"

He exhaled, glancing at the **walls lined with power supplies, high-end GPUs, industrial cooling rigs.**

DAVID *(grim, nodding to himself)*
"And still mine the **deep web.**"

Karim took a step back, looking at the **house differently now.**

This wasn't just **a stash.**

This was **an operation.**

A **massive-scale mining farm**, hidden **inside an old rural house in Romania**, away from

government oversight, from regulatory interference.

With this setup, someone was **laundering money through crypto**, churning out **untraceable transactions**, or—**worse**—processing and storing **black-market intelligence on an industrial level.**

Karim ran a hand down his face, **exhaling sharply.**

KARIM *(half laughing, half horrified)*
"Jesus. Who the hell are we dealing with?"

David **didn't answer.**

But one thing was certain—this wasn't **some street-level terrorist cell.**

This was **bigger.**

And **Fitz already knew it.**

[INT. CASA BĂTRÂNEASCĂ – NIGHT]

The **room was thick with tension**, the air heavy with the realization of what they had just uncovered.

Then—**a shadow in the doorway.**

A **man**, burly, dressed in a **hunting vest**, with **a double-barrel shotgun** resting open on his forearm.

He **froze**, eyes scanning the room, confusion flickering into **anger.**

UNKNOWN MAN *(low, dangerous, stepping forward)*
"Who the hell are you?"

His **instincts kicked in**.

He snapped the shotgun shut.

Began to **level it.**

And then—

His head exploded forward.

A **wet, sickening burst of red and bone.**

The body **crumpled instantly**, collapsing onto the wooden floor like a **sack of potatoes.**

Behind him, in the doorway, **stood Fitz.**

Beretta in hand. Suppressor screwed on.

Casually lowering the weapon as if he had just **ended a business meeting.**

He stepped over the **still-twitching corpse**, unbothered, slipping the **gun back into his jacket.**

Then, without missing a beat, he **clapped his hands together.**

FITZ *(calm, pleasant, surveying the equipment)*
"Well, that was the last of them."

A beat.

Then—**he smiled.**

FITZ *(bright, as if he just had a wonderful idea)*
"Now, who likes **blowing stuff up**?"

David and Karim **exchanged a glance.**

David **sighed.**

Karim **grinned.**

Yeah.

This was about to get **fun.**

[EXT. CASA BĂTRÂNEASCĂ – NIGHT]

The **Lancia Thema's trunk creaked open**, revealing an **impressive stash** of **mining**

explosives—sausage-like cartridges stacked tightly, boxes labeled in **Cyrillic, Hungarian, and Romanian.**

Karim **stared** at the haul, his **brain short-circuiting.**

KARIM *(blinking, stunned)*
"When did you—"

David, **already accustomed** to this brand of **insanity**, didn't even let him finish.

With a **long-suffering sigh**, he grabbed one of the **explosive boxes** and **tossed it into Karim's arms.**

DAVID *(flat, resigned, gesturing at the house)*
"Don't ask. Just help."

Karim, still processing, **sighed** and grabbed another box.

Together, they **hauled the explosives** inside the **casa bătrânească**, piling them **high in the main room.**

Then, with **utter disregard for safety**, they **tossed everything else on top—computer racks, power supplies, stacks of mining rigs, metal frames, cooling systems.**

Every **trace** of what had been inside this house would be **erased.**

Fitz, completely unbothered, reached into his **jacket** and pulled out a **military-issued detonator**, the kind that **wasn't supposed to be in civilian hands.**

KARIM *(deadpan, muttering to David)*
"Of course he has one."

David didn't even bother reacting.

Fitz knelt, opened one of the explosives crates, and methodically stuck the detonator onto a cartridge, his movements smooth, precise, practiced.

He stood, brushing the dust off his trousers, clicked the detonator safety off, and pocketed the remote.

Without a word, the three men turned back toward the Lancia, got inside, and began to drive.

Far. Far. Away.

[EXT. REMOTE HILL – OVERLOOKING CASA BĂTRÂNEASCĂ – NIGHT]

The **Lancia Thema** rolled to a stop on a **grassy hill**, overlooking the **quiet, unsuspecting farmhouse** below.

The night was **still**, save for the **distant hum of crickets**, the faint scent of **smoke lingering in the cooling air.**

Karim sat in the back seat, **trembling** in pure, **unfiltered anticipation**—like a **toddler on caffeine**, barely containing himself.

David exhaled, already **mentally bracing** for whatever madness was about to unfold.

And then—**Fitz turned to Karim**, the way a **loving grandfather** might when handing a child their first pocket knife.

He pulled the **detonator remote** from his jacket pocket, holding it up between two fingers.

Then, **with a smile**, he asked:

FITZ *(gentle, almost doting)*
"Do you want to?"

Karim's **eyes widened** to **impossible proportions.**

He grinned.

Then nodded. **Furiously.**

Fitz chuckled, **adjusted the settings**, and carefully placed the **detonator in Karim's hands**.

FITZ *(patiently, like teaching a child to fish)*
"Press this first. Then this. And hold for two seconds. Like lighting a candle, lad."

Karim's hands **shook with excitement**.

David, arms folded, sighed.

DAVID *(flat, deadpan, already regretting this)* "This is the worst idea I have ever witnessed in real-time."

Karim **ignored him completely**.

His **finger hovered over the button**, and with a deep, **giddy breath**—

He **pressed it.**

And the **sky ripped apart.**

A **massive fireball** erupted, turning **night into day**, swallowing the **old farmhouse** in a **wave of incandescent hellfire**.

The **shockwave hit them seconds later**, rattling the **Lancia**, shaking the **trees**, sending a **cloud of dust and sparks billowing toward the sky.**

Karim let out a **pure, childlike scream of joy**, jumping up and **punching the air.**

KARIM *(laughing, exhilarated, shouting over the blast)*
"HOLY MOTHER OF FU—"

David, gripping the **dashboard**, stared at the **raging inferno below** and muttered **to himself.**

DAVID *(whispering, exhausted, resigned to fate)*
"*Jesus. We just gave a toddler a nuclear launch code.*"

Fitz, **watching the carnage with absolute serenity**, patted Karim on the shoulder.

FITZ *(proud, like a grandfather watching a grandson ride a bike for the first time)*
"**Well done, lad.**"

[EXT. REMOTE HILL – NIGHT]

The **firestorm raged below**, the **once-operational mining farm now a smoldering ruin**, its entire **infrastructure reduced to ash and twisted metal.**

David, Karim, and Fitz **stood by the Lancia**, watching the **remnants of an empire disappear into the night.**

Then, **Fitz spoke**, his voice calm, measured, as if he were **giving life advice to children.**

FITZ *(musing, almost philosophical)*
"When you break a **toy still wrapped**, there's always a **child crying** for not receiving it."

Karim, still buzzing from **the sheer adrenaline of detonating an entire house**, turned to him, **brow furrowed.**

David, however, **understood immediately.**

DAVID *(low, nodding, following the thought)*
"You just have to listen... and follow the **wailing.**"

Fitz smirked, pleased that **David was catching up.**

FITZ *(lightly, with amusement)*
"If it's a **deep web, crypto toy**... you follow the **deep web, crypto sobs.**"

Somewhere out there, **whoever owned that operation**—whoever had built it, relied on it, **funneled millions through it**—was **realizing it was gone.**

Gone **without warning.**

Gone **without a trace.**

And somewhere, **they were screaming.**

Now, all MI6 had to do was **follow the screaming.**

And that?

That was the **perfect job for the young nerds back at HQ.**

This was **their problem now.**

Fitz stretched, rolling his **shoulders**, and clapped his hands together.

FITZ *(satisfied, turning toward the car)*
"Well, lads. **Our work here is done.**"

He reached into his **coat**, pulled out a **flask**, and took a **long, slow sip.**

Then he handed it to David, who sighed, took a swig, and passed it to Karim.

Karim, **still grinning**, took a sip, wiped his mouth, and leaned against the **Lancia**, exhaling deeply.

KARIM *(relaxing, grinning to himself)*
"I love this job."

David, rubbing his **temples**, muttered under his breath.

DAVID *(dry, exhausted, half to himself)*
"**This** was not in the recruitment pamphlet."

Fitz just **chuckled**, settling into the **passenger seat**, finally allowing himself to **relax.**

Because now?

Now, it was **some analyst's nightmare.**

And for **once—that wasn't his problem.**

[INT. MI6 TECH DIVISION – LONDON – NIGHT]

The **room was cold**, filled with the **soft hum of servers**, the glow of **monitors casting pale blue light** across tired, caffeine-fueled faces.

A dozen **young analysts**—the best MI6 had when it came to **digital forensics, deep web tracking, and crypto sleuthing**—were huddled around a **cluster of screens**, **fingers flying over keyboards**, following the **wails.**

Because when you **break a toy before it's unwrapped**, someone **always cries.**

And this time?

It wasn't **one child.**

It was **many.**

[INT. MI6 BRIEFING ROOM – LONDON – EARLY MORNING]

The **report hit the table** with a **satisfying thud.**

The **room was silent**, except for the steady ticking of an **old clock**, a relic from an era when intelligence came from **interrogations, not IP addresses.**

Across the table sat a **handful of senior MI6 officials**—career bureaucrats, field officers-turned-desk-men, and one **very satisfied** Fitz, stirring a cup of tea **like a man watching a horse he bet on win a race.**

One of the **analysts**, a **pale, tired-looking kid with glasses too big for his face**, cleared his throat and began.

ANALYST *(nervous, but professional)*
"We followed the, uh… *screaming.*"

A slide clicked on.

A **web of names, shell companies, and cryptocurrency transactions** filled the screen, the intricate flow of **millions in untraceable assets** running through obscure **deep-web wallets**.

But at the center?

A **cluster of organizations**, loosely connected, overlapping, **but all pointing to one primary network.**

The Toymakers.

A shadowy **consortium of financiers, traffickers, and data-brokers**, specializing in **untraceable digital finance**, moving **crypto and secrets** through channels so deep and hidden that **no government had been able to fully track them.**

Until now.

The **analyst swallowed hard**, adjusting his glasses.

ANALYST *(grim, matter-of-fact)*
“They weren’t just laundering money. They were **banking it. Storing it.** Running **entire covert economies** through the blockchain.”

A slide changed.

Different locations popped up—Hong Kong, Dubai, Moscow, Caracas, Istanbul.

David leaned forward, arms crossed, brow furrowed.

DAVID *(low, thinking out loud)*
"They weren’t just moving money. They were **funding things.**"

The analyst nodded.

ANALYST *(serious, clicking to another slide)*
"Black-market trade. Arms deals. Covert

operations. Influence networks. **And not for one side.** They worked with **anyone**—governments, syndicates, terror groups, corporations—**whoever had the coin.**"

A long silence.

Then Fitz took a **sip of tea**, exhaled through his nose, and **set the cup down.**

FITZ *(calm, unreadable, but with the faintest smirk)*
"Well, well, well. **We broke a toy, and found the whole bloody factory.**"

A few of the senior officers exchanged **tense glances.**

This was **big.**

This was **above a simple op.**

This was **global.**

David leaned back, exhaling.

DAVID *(low, realizing the weight of it)*
"So what's next?"

A pause.

Then, Fitz smiled.

FITZ *(calm, pleased, stretching slightly)*
"Well, lads…"

A final sip of tea.

FITZ *(grinning, eyes sharp, voice low)*
"Time to break more toys."

[INT. MI6 TECH DIVISION – LONDON – EARLY MORNING]

The room was still buzzing from the revelation. The Toymakers. A financial shadow empire, moving crypto, weapons, people, and influence

through channels so obscure that **no intelligence service had fully cracked it**.

Until now.

But amidst the tense, charged air of geopolitical implications, **a phone buzzed.**

A **young analyst** instinctively glanced down.

A **Twitter notification.**

Some **stupid news** about **the owner of Twitter.**

Fitz, **leaning back in his chair, stirring his tea**, happened to **catch a glimpse.**

And then, he **chuckled.**

Not a polite chuckle. A **knowing, amused, 'Oh, that's adorable' chuckle.**

The **nerds frowned**, looking between themselves.

NERD #1 *(confused, blinking)*
"What?"

Fitz tapped the **screen of the analyst's phone**, still chuckling.

FITZ *(dry, amused)*
"The **richest man in the world… my ass.**"

More confused glances.

One of the **older analysts squinted**, adjusting his glasses.

NERD #2 *(skeptical, frowning)*
"Sir, he's literally the **richest recorded person on Earth**—"

Before they could start listing **Forbes billionaires**, **David exhaled and cut in.**

He **knew this one.**

DAVID *(low, serious, shaking his head)*
"If you're **really** rich… I mean **this kind of rich**—" *(gesturing toward the glowing web of illicit finances on the screen)* "—**nobody knows it.**"

A pause.

David looked around at the young analysts, his expression **deadly calm.**

DAVID *(quiet, absolute)*
"**Nobody. Knows. You.**"

That shut them up.

Fitz smirked, sipping his tea.

FITZ *(murmuring, almost to himself, with the air of a man who has seen too much)*
"The ones who **own the world**… don't tweet about it, lad."

A deep, **unnerving silence** settled over the room.

The analysts **exchanged looks**, suddenly understanding **just how deep this hole went.**

David simply sat back in his chair, exhaling sharply.

This was **no longer about money.**

This was about **power.**

And **who really had it.**

[INT. MI6 TECH DIVISION – LONDON – EARLY MORNING]

The **room buzzed with activity**, the young analysts working like bees in a **hive of glowing screens** and caffeine-fueled urgency.

What the **"nerd operation"**—as Fitz had so affectionately dubbed it—had uncovered was **layered** like a **torta millefoglie**.

Each layer peeled back revealed **something new**.

- **Private island coordinates.**
- **Obscure shell companies.**
- **Crypto wallets with mind-bending balances.**
- **Encrypted communications logs.**

- And—oddly—**single private mobile numbers.**

Most of it was **useless clutter**, the kind of noise generated by any **large, convoluted network**.

But **some… not so much.**

Some layers **mattered.**

One of them, buried deep in the **digital millefoglie**, connected to **Genova.**

[EXT. GENOVA – NIGHT]

The city was alive with its usual **chaotic charm**—narrow **carruggi twisting like veins**, the **harbor lights reflecting off the dark Ligurian waters.**

But this wasn't a **sightseeing trip.**

Not this time.

This was **for a fawn.**

Back in Genova, where **an unfinished story awaited its ending.**

Fitz, David, and Karim stepped into the **night air**, their faces set with determination.

The nerds at MI6 had done their part, cracking the **digital layers of the Toymakers.**

Now, it was time for **Fitz and his team** to crack the rest.

Because some debts couldn't be **settled with a keyboard.**

Some debts needed **blood.**

[EXT. SAMPIERDARENA TRAIN STATION – NIGHT]

The **air was thick** with salt and exhaust fumes, the faint scent of the **harbor drifting in on the humid breeze.**

Sampierdarena at night was **not for tourists.**

It was for **those who owed, those who chased, and those who hid.**

Beyond the station, **ominous buildings loomed**, their facades cracked with **neglect and old secrets**.

Porticoes lined the streets, their shadows swallowing the flickering neon lights from:

- **Dark slot machine rooms**, where **broken men fed plastic cards into the abyss.**
- **Usurious loan offices**, where **money was borrowed with interest rates higher than the price of a soul.**
- **Nameless doors**, leading to places even **the doors themselves didn't seem to know.**

Among them, a single anonymous door, wedged between two shuttered storefronts—the kind of windows that had never truly belonged to stores.

It was a door that did not want attention.

Which meant, of course—

It was exactly where they needed to be.

Fitz adjusted his cuffs, his flat cap casting a shadow over his eyes, and strode toward it without hesitation.

David and Karim followed, the weight of the night pressing around them.

Behind this door was a piece of the puzzle.

Behind this door was a debt unpaid.

Behind this door was the first step toward avenging a fawn.

[INT. UNKNOWN ROOM – BEHIND THE ANONYMOUS DOOR – SAMPIERDARENA – NIGHT]

Karim **stood in front of the door**, the **dim yellow glow** from the streetlights behind him casting his shadow over the threshold.

He took out his **phone.**

Dialed a **number.**

Let it **ring.**

Inside, a muffled **vibration**.

No one **answered.**

Instead—**the door creaked open.**

And that was all it took.

Fitz emerged from the shadows.

Before the man behind the door could **react**, Fitz **slammed the door back into his face**, the

force sending him staggering backward, off balance.

A guttural gasp—then, two quick, muffled gunshots.

Pop-pop.

The man crumpled instantly, his body hitting the floor like dead weight.

No struggle. No second chances. Just execution.

Fitz, calmly, precisely, reached into his jacket and handed a gun to Karim.

Karim took it, his fingers tight around the grip.

Fitz's voice was low, steady.

FITZ *(soft, reminding him, testing him)*
"Remember?"

Karim exhaled sharply, adjusting his stance.

He **nodded.**

KARIM *(whispering, confident, recalling the lesson in the meadow)*
“Bang-bang. Bang-bang.”

Fitz **nodded.**

Then, a final order.

FITZ *(calm, absolute, the voice of a man who never repeats himself)*
"I want them **all alive.**"

The silence **lingered.**

Karim **held his breath**, his heart **pounding** with adrenaline, but his hands? **Steady.**

David **checked his own gun**, exhaled slowly, and muttered:

DAVID *(low, resigned, bracing himself)*
“Well… let’s get to work.”

And then—**they moved.**

[INT. UNKNOWN ROOM – BEHIND THE ANONYMOUS DOOR – SAMPIERDARENA – NIGHT]

Pop-pop.

To the **limbs.**

Precise. Efficient. Merciless.

In a single **breath**, they had **breached and cleared** the place.

The **bad guys were down**, groaning, clutching **knees, shoulders, hands—where the bullets had found them.**

Neutralized. **Not dead.**

Fitz's order had been **clear**.

He wanted them **alive.**

And then—

They saw it.

What was inside.

What had been done here.

The agony of the fawn.

Everything he sobbed about in those desperate phone calls to his lover.

What he was forced to do before he disappeared.

It was all here.

There were pictures.

There were videos.

There were remains.

The kind that no one ever wanted to see.

The kind that meant there wasn't just money laundering.

Because **some people needed to be cleaned too.**

Some were **bleached.**

Some were **handwashed.**

Some were **shrunk until they disappeared.**

And others?

They were **discarded like ripped shirts.**

That was what the **fawn had been doing.**

Sorting **humans into piles**—who was **useful**, who was **damaged**, who was **to be thrown away.**

And now?

Who made him do it had crossed Fitz.

David exhaled slowly, feeling the **white-hot fury rising inside him** like bile.

Karim stood **frozen**, his knuckles **white around the gun**, his face unreadable—but his eyes said **everything.**

Fitz?

He was **silent.**

And that **silence** was more terrifying than any words.

Because **Fitz wasn't done.**

Not yet.

[INT. UNKNOWN ROOM – BEHIND THE ANONYMOUS DOOR – SAMPIERDARENA – NIGHT]

The room **reeked** of gunpowder, **blood pooling in dark streaks** across the floorboards, the air still humming with the echoes of gunfire.

The bad men lay **crippled**, **groaning**, clutching at **shattered knees and bullet-riddled limbs**.

Then—

She arrived.

Fariha.

The **Indian lady**, the **lover of the fawn**, the **woman who had shared Fitz's bed**, his **partner in pleasure**—and now, his **partner in vengeance.**

Fitz **held her hand**, leading her through the **door like a gentleman escorting a lady to a grand ball.**

Except this wasn't a **ballroom.**

This was a **graveyard waiting to happen.**

He **never left her hand.**

Not for a **single moment.**

As they entered the room, **she flinched** at the sight of the **wounded men**, their bodies sprawled across the floor like **discarded trash.**

Fitz **felt her reaction**, and in a **small, uncharacteristic act of comfort**, he gently **held her elbow**, steadying her as she gasped.

And then—

Her **eyes landed on one of them.**

One of the men on the floor, coughing, bleeding, **staring up at her with wide, terrified eyes.**

She **covered her mouth with her free hand**.

A sharp, **broken gasp escaped her throat.**

Then, she started to **cry.**

A deep, visceral grief, a sound that wasn't just sorrow—it was rage, horror, betrayal, all at once.

Fitz never let go of her hand.

Not even as he drew his gun.

Not even as he executed them, one by one.

Pop-pop.

Two bullets to the head.

Pop-pop.

Another.

Methodical. Precise. Like cleaning up a mess.

Until there was only one left.

The one she had gasped for.

Fitz lowered the gun slightly, tilting his head, watching her reaction.

This one meant something.

He looked at Fariha, his **expression unreadable.**

Then, in a voice **calm, quiet, absolute**, he asked:

FITZ *(low, offering, final)*
"Do you want him?"

He turned the **gun sideways**, offering it to **her.**

The choice was **hers now.**

[INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE – ACCIAIERIE D'ITALIA INDUSTRIAL COMPOUND – NIGHT]

The **air was stale**, thick with the metallic tang of **rust, oil, and old industry**.

A **forgotten warehouse**, left to rot inside the vast **Acciaierie d'Italia compound**, far from **prying eyes, forgotten even by those who owned it.**

The **wounded man** lay **on the cold, filthy concrete floor**, gasping, still **bleeding from the gunshot wounds to his limbs**.

In front of him: **Karim**, standing **calm, silent, his pistol held loosely at his side.**

Behind him: **David**, arms crossed, **watching but saying nothing.**

To the side, **Fitz and Fariha.**

Their hands had **never parted.**

He had offered her his pistol. She had said no. She had said: **"Not this way… your way."**

And so, **this was the way.**

Fitz **turned the man face down** with a swift **kick to the ribs**, forcing him onto his stomach.

The man groaned, **his breath ragged**, his fingers twitching, **knowing what was coming, but powerless to stop it.**

Fitz spoke, his voice **low, conversational, effortless**, as if discussing **fine furniture or rare wines.**

FITZ *(pleasant, instructive, almost warm)*
"You know… a couple of **twin ashtrays** made from human **scapulas** can be quite elegant."

David **closed his eyes briefly**, inhaling, then exhaling.

Karim, despite himself, **grinned.**

The wounded man **whimpered.**

Fitz, still holding **her hand**, reached into his **coat pocket** and pulled out his **Opinel knife.**

He offered it, closed, to **Fariha.**

She took it.

The **handle smooth by the use of Fitz's hands.**

Karim and David **stepped forward**, each planting a boot on the **man's wrists and ankles**, pinning him down.

Fariha **lowered herself beside him, slowly.**

Then she **breathed in.**

She **opened the knife.**

And she **began.**

Her hands were **precise, slow, deliberate**—not out of hesitation, but out of **savoring the moment**.

The **blade moved**, separating flesh from **bone**, tracing the **natural curves of the scapulas**, carving out **two perfect, symmetrical pieces.**

She worked **with purpose, with care, with something bordering on devotion.**

The man **screamed**, but no one cared.

Fitz simply **watched her, approving, guiding.**

Karim hummed **something tuneless**.

David **stared at the ceiling**, muttering under his breath.

DAVID *(quietly, resigned)*
"This is… **so far** beyond illegal."

The screams **faded** into **guttural sobs.**

Then to **whimpering.**

And then, at last, to **nothing.**

Fariha **exhaled, her hands coated in blood, her chest rising and falling.**

She looked at the **twin bones in her hands.**

They were **beautiful.**

Her very own **ashtrays.**

She stood, and handed the bloodied **Opinel back to Fitz.**

He took it, **smiled softly**, and flicked it closed.

Then, **without a word**, he kissed **her bloodied fingers.**

Fariha **smiled.**

And **David officially decided** that he needed **a long holiday.**

[INT. MI6 BRIEFING ROOM – LONDON – NIGHT]

The "nerd operation" had peeled back layers of darkness, revealing a network so vast, so embedded in global finance and power, that it would take intelligence agencies across the world decades to untangle it.

But some trash?

Some trash could be taken out now.

And Fitz—for once—could watch from the comfort of a chair.

David sat beside him, arms crossed, watching the live feed streaming onto the briefing room monitors.

Montecarlo.

[EXT. MONTECARLO – NIGHT – ORGY TERRACE]

The scene was **eerily familiar**—the same **velvet-draped terrace**, the same **post-orgy crowd** lounging in **various states of undress**, drinking **cognac, champagne, smoking cigars and joints**, talking **openly about the unspeakable.**

The **wealthiest, most vile scum of the earth.**

Tonight, they were **entirely unaware** that they had **guests.**

Through the **hidden earpiece feed**, David heard a voice from the **field team leader**.

AGENT (OVER COMMS) *(calm, professional, ready)*
"All teams in position."

Fitz took a **sip of tea**, exhaling through his nose, watching the screen with a **mild look of amusement.**

FITZ *(murmuring, as if discussing a cricket match)*
"Let's see how they enjoy being on the menu tonight."

David, despite himself, **grinned slightly**.

Because tonight?

Tonight was a **culling.**

And there was no **way out.**

The **signal was given.**

In Montecarlo, on that **gilded terrace**, the shadows **moved.**

And the **monsters** realized too late—

They weren't **the hunters tonight.**

They were **the prey.**

[EXT. MONTECARLO – NIGHT – ORGY TERRACE]

The **air was thick** with the scent of **cognac, sweat, and corruption.**

The after-orgy elite—**the untouchable, the insulated, the filthiest rich scum in existence**—lounged **without care, without fear.**

Because **who could touch them?**

They were **above** nations. **Beyond** courts. **Outside** justice.

Or so they thought.

Two of them—**Fat Rich Scum No. 1** and **Thin Fit Rich Scum No. 2**—sat comfortably, sipping **$10,000 brandy**, discussing the **unfolding global crackdown.**

FAT RICH SCUM NO. 1 *(laughing, dismissive, swirling his drink)*
"If they hope in **extradition… in INTERPOL…** Ha!"

THIN FIT RICH SCUM NO. 2 *(smirking, relaxed, adjusting his silk robe)*

"Good luck with their **international courts**.

They'll never make it past **their technicalities.**"

And then—

A **third voice.**

From the **shadows.**

Low. **Absolute. Final.**

THE SHADOWS *(calm, assured, inevitable)*

"They won't."

A pause.

Then—

THE SHADOWS *(again, closer now, whispering death itself)*

"We will."

The two men **froze**.

Their **smirks vanished**.

Their **eyes darted**, scanning the terrace, **searching for the source.**

They were supposed to be **alone.**

Only **invited guests**. Only **protected men**.

WHO?

Their voices **wavered**.

FAT RICH SCUM NO. 1 *(shifting, pulse rising)*
"Who…?"

THIN FIT RICH SCUM NO. 2 *(standing up now, but where would he run?)*
"Who's there?"

A final voice.

One they would hear **only once.**

From everywhere.

From **nowhere.**

From the **void that had come to claim them.**

THE SHADOWS *(sharp, quiet, unmistakable)*

"The **real MI6,** you buffoons."

Then—**suppressed gunfire.**

Pop-pop. Pop-pop.

Not to the limbs.

Not to **neutralize.**

To **end.**

The terrace was **silent** once more.

Except now—

There were only **dead bodies.**

The real **cleanup crew** had arrived.

[EPILOGUE – LONDON, OXFORD STREET – DAY]

The London air was thick with the usual Oxford Street chaos—tourists bumping into each other, workers rushing to lunch, buses and black cabs weaving through the mess of one of the busiest streets in the world.

And among the many offensive assaults on British taste, there it was—

One of those bad-taste souvenir shop.

The kind that sold monarchy-themed teaspoons, novelty tea tins, and cheap knockoff Beefeater figurines next to sweatshop-printed "Keep Calm and Carry On" mugs.

But the worst of all—

The **latest insult to both Britain and human dignity**—was a **dildo**, proudly molded in the **shape of the Union Jack.**

A **slender, graceful hand** reached for it.

Brown skin, adorned with **intricate, elegant mehndi**, patterns swirling across her **fingers and wrist**, the art a **delicate contrast to the vulgarity of the object.**

She picked it up.

Didn't laugh.

Didn't flinch.

Just **considered it.**

Then—**she bought it.**

Had it **bagged.**

Took it without a word.

[EXT. OXFORD STREET – CONTINUOUS]

The pavement was a **blur of movement**, shoes clacking, voices humming, a **sea of anonymity in motion.**

From the **shop door**, the woman **stepped out**, the **small bag in her hand swaying gently**.

She was **sensual, composed, regal in presence**, draped in an **exquisite saree**, her dark hair cascading in **perfect, effortless waves.**

And as she emerged into the **chaotic world**, she **took the arm** of a **man waiting outside.**

An **unassuming figure in a tweed suit and a flat cap**.

They simply **walked together**, disappearing into the crowd, blending into the great, indifferent city.

And London, as always, **carried on.**

[FADE OUT – OXFORD STREET, LONDON]

The **camera lingers** for a moment—just enough to capture the **two figures walking away**, weaving into the **bustling crowd**, the **bad-taste souvenir bag swinging lightly** at her side.

The **tweed suit.**

The **elegant saree.**

The **silent understanding between them.**

Then—

A FUNNY, JAZZY RENDITION OF "RULE, BRITANNIA!" BEGINS TO PLAY.

A lively, **swing-infused brass section** kicks in, the melody now carrying an almost **sarcastic charm**, bouncing through the final moments like a wink to the audience.

The camera **slowly pans upward**, over the **rooftops**, the **red buses**, the endless **movement of London**

FADE TO BLACK.

Credits.

And the music **keeps swinging**.

[MID-CREDITS SCENE #1]

[INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE – LONDON – DAY]

A **tastefully decorated room**, soft **beige walls**, a **mahogany desk**, a large **bookshelf filled with serious, expensive-looking volumes** on trauma, military psychology, and **handling stress in high-risk professions.**

And in the center—

A **chaise longue.**

David lay on it, **fully dressed in his rear admiral uniform**, staring up at the ceiling like a man who had **seen the abyss and wasn't sure how he felt about it.**

His therapist, a **middle-aged woman with reading glasses and the patience of a saint**, sat in a leather chair, **notepad in hand.**

David exhaled deeply, rubbing his **temples**.

DAVID *(flat, haunted, absolutely exhausted)*
"I was **standing naked**… and he spoke of **pineapple juice.**"

The therapist **stopped writing.**

She blinked.

THERAPIST *(pausing, confused, adjusting her glasses)*
"I… see."

CUT TO BLACK.

[MID-CREDITS SCENE #2]

[SAME SET. SAME CHAISE LONGUE. SAME SHRINK. SAME DAVID.]

David sat up slightly, **gesturing wildly**, like a man trying to explain **something fundamentally broken in the universe.**

DAVID *(disbelieving, eyes wide, hands in the air)*
"The **Taj Mahal**! She really said the **Taj Mahal!**"

The therapist, still **calm, professional**, simply **nodded.**

THERAPIST *(soothing, writing in her notepad)*
"And how did that make you feel?"

David stared at her.

Then, slowly, **collapsed back onto the chaise longue.**

DAVID *(muttering, face in hands, broken spirit)*
"Like I need a bloody drink."

CUT TO BLACK.

[MID-CREDITS SCENE #3]

[SAME SET. SAME CHAISE LONGUE. SAME SHRINK. SAME DAVID.]

Now, he wasn't even **lying down.**

David sat **bolt upright**, his uniform **slightly disheveled**, his **hands gripping his knees**, his expression **somewhere between horror and sheer exasperation.**

DAVID *(leaning forward, slow, deliberate, voice trembling)*
"And then…"

A deep breath.

He closes his eyes.

DAVID *(whispering, as if the words alone could kill him)*
"The toddler pressed the bomb button."

Silence.

The therapist slowly lowers her notepad.

She removes her glasses.

She pinches the bridge of her nose.

And for the first time in her entire career—she pours herself a drink.

CUT TO BLACK.

Jazzy music resumes.

[POST-CREDITS SCENE]

[EXT. THE JUNGLE – RIVERBANK – DAWN]

The **air is thick** with humidity, the **jungle alive** with distant **animal calls, the soft rustling of unseen creatures** moving in the undergrowth.

A **river snakes through the dense foliage**, its surface smooth and dark, **steam rising from the water** as the sun barely begins to claw its way above the horizon.

The **world is silent.**

And then—

A ripple.

A **disturbance in the water.**

Figures **emerge, slow and controlled**, breaking the surface **without a sound**—**SAS operators** in full **amphibious gear**, their faces streaked with **black and green camo**, their movements precise, **deadly, silent.**

They move **like ghosts**, their weapons **primed**, their eyes scanning the jungle **with cold efficiency.**

And among them—

The **youngest recruit**, moving with the same **discipline and lethal grace** as the rest, but with a **distinct edge of something else.**

Something… **different.**

He is the **only one with a dagger clamped between his teeth.**

Karim.

SAS.

Fitz's legacy had begun.

[FADE TO BLACK.]

He should be too old for this. He isn't.

The world has changed. Spies are younger, wars are cleaner, and enemies are supposed to be dealt with from a comfortable distance. But some things can't be solved with a drone strike or a polite negotiation. Some things require a man who refuses to slow down.

He moves like a ghost, kills like an artist, and takes his time when it truly matters. Age has stolen nothing but his patience. And for

those who stand in his way—**time is up.**

"A Most Inconvenient Gentleman"

– Experience is a dangerous thing.